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SIXPENCE.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW YACHT, "SHAMROCK," STRETCHING HER CANVAS.

From a Photograph by West, Southsea.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There must be some property in a doorway which makes for candour. At evening parties you will observe that people who congregate in the doorways liberate their minds with freedom and satisfaction. A great pianist is interpreting a great composer, and most of the company are glued to their chairs with real or affected absorption in the music; but in the doorway two of the guests regale each other with their indifference to the performance. "Are you fond of music?" says one. "Oh, very! I could go right after night to 'The Belle of New York'; but I don't care for what this chap is playing now. What is it? Oh, Chopin—very slow, don't you know. You've got to be a trained musician to understand it." "And what song in 'The Belle of New York' do you like the best?" "Oh, Edna May's great song, you know—

They do not proceed to follow this life,
But only follow me!

That's what I call melody—fetches me every time. But this—this Chopin now; do you really think people would sit and listen to it if that chap at the piano weren't a foreigner with a lot of hair? Awfully clever, of course; but I'm not clever enough to pretend that I'm so awfully clever as to know what it's all about. Ha! ha! I thought you'd agree with me. Come and have an ice."

This ingenuous frankness is most refreshing, and it might do us all good to stand in the doorway sometimes, and make our little confidences without shame. We cannot appreciate everything in the way of art that is set before us—music, pictures, the drama; but there is a sad habit of ignoring our limitations, and of supposing that what bores us must be bad. A conspicuous lover of the drama says he cannot stand "Cyrano de Bergerac," and implores Mr. Wyndham to forego his intention of playing Cyrano in English. "It bores me—it will bore the public," says the lover of the drama. His prophecy may be justified. There are some elements in "Cyrano de Bergerac" which many of our playgoers will find tiresome. There is a pieman who is so devoted to a ragged crew of famished poets that he accepts their manuscript verses as payment for his pastry. Now we have all been brought up on the fine old English commercial ballad of "Simple Simon and the Pieman," and we know that if Simple Simon had proffered a poem in lieu of a penny for the jam tarts he was eager to taste, something like this would have happened—

Said the Pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny";
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."
"But here's a rhyme on you, dear Pieman,
A dainty little lyric."
Nought said the Pieman to Simple Simon,
But his snort was most satiric!

This is an example of the practical English mind, which will think the method of business at the pastrycook's in "Cyrano de Bergerac" not humorous but silly. Ragueneau (so admirably played by Jean Coquelin) hoards his precious manuscripts, but his wife does not scruple to use them for wrapping up parcels. A London pit might laugh at that; but it would laugh in the wrong way, for its sympathy ought to be with the poor pastrycook, and not with his prosaic spouse. In good time the burlesque writers will lay their hands on this incident, and we shall have a poetical cheese-monger, surrounded by a troupe of minor bards with long hair and velvet, while his wife gives away precious triolets with a pound of Cheshire. That is the usual fate of a delicate idea in this land of uproarious mirth. A more serious stumbling-block for "Cyrano" in English is the quixotic sentiment of the hero who helps his rival to win the lady of both their hearts. Cyrano, under Roxane's window, feigning the voice of Christian, and pouring out the eloquence of which that dull young man is incapable, and of which he gets all the credit—how is this to appeal to the critic who prefers the melodies of "The Belle of New York" to Chopin? I can hear him telling his companion in the doorway: "It's unnatural, by Jove! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it, don't you know! Here's a Johnny with an awful nose, and, of course, the girl wouldn't look at him; but do you think he'd help another fellow to get her? Do you think I'd come spouting under your window, making believe to be the other fellow, and give him a leg up? Not much! It may be a jolly romantic idea; but I don't rise to it—that's all!"

I wish to apologise to the blackbird for having suggested that he has no more sense than M. Coppée. A courteous correspondent, who knows more of ornithology than I do, points out that the blackbird happens to be a genius of acuteness in the feathered world. "Some years ago, while weather-bound in a country-house, I sought to amuse myself by setting a trap on the snow-covered lawn outside my window. An inverted sieve propped by a stick, with a line attached to the inside of the window, formed the snare. Seeing a blackbird go under, I pulled the cord and congratulated myself on my capture. There was a little time lost in putting on my boots, and when I hurried out I was just in time to see his sable birdship hop out of the trap and fly off with something very like a mocking

chuckle. He had actually hit on the plan of scooping away the snow from under the edge of the sieve. For clever generalship, as well as rapid engineering, this, I think, would beat anything M. Coppée could do." I accept the correction with candid grace, and, on reflection, I believe that nothing to parallel the silliness of M. Coppée is to be found among birds or beasts. The blackbird is certainly a statesman compared to the poet who says France is in danger of ruin by "a cosmopolitan syndicate," including the forty-seven judges of the Supreme Court. His most brilliant rivals are M. Quesnay de Beaupre, who will swallow anything, and the officer who told M. Clémenceau that Captain Dreyfus was innocent, but ought to be condemned all the same by the Rennes court-martial. If it be any merit in a country to have the monopoly of the most flagrant kind of congenital idiot, France may be congratulated on that distinction.

What is the bitterest irony of the case which has qualified so many Frenchmen for strait-waistcoats? Captain Dreyfus returns to France with the impression that he owes his chance of redress to the men who tried to murder him. He listens to a recital of the events of two years; and as the story unfolds the infamy of the chiefs in whom he trusted with the implicit obedience of the soldier, despite their denial of justice, he is incredulous. "Men who wear the French uniform," he says, "cannot have been guilty of such acts." So sacred is the halo of fetish-worship which surrounds the General Staff that Dreyfus's counsel had some trouble in convincing him that he was deliberately sacrificed to this Moloch. No irony in history surpasses that. Out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, this man comes back to vindicate his honour against a monstrous conspiracy, and his first impulse is to believe that the conspirators have been malign!

There is a scientific body in America called the Laryngological Association, and it has been discussing the "American voice." Patriotic Americans must have learned with pain and amazement that the laryngologists do not like the national voice, and regard it as an aberration from the beautiful low-pitched organ which delights the ear in these isles. Some experts said that the nasal twang of the Western eagle was due to climate; others ascribed it to a deranged palate. Why not send American children to England to acquire our liquid accents? In childhood I had a powerful nasal note (not unconnected with birth in Brooklyn), but having been caught young and rapt across the Atlantic to the melodious shores of Britain, I lost it in the course of years. (If this anecdote is of service to any laryngologist of Chicago who wants to send his patients to Europe he is quite welcome to the advertisement. I can even supply him with a portrait of myself at the nasal age and another of the nightingale period—for judicious contrast.) The Association seems inclined to think that it is all a question of muscles which can be trained to music by daily practice "with open mouth before a mirror." Do you see Huckleberry Finn engaged in this graceful exercise?

When a boy opens his mouth he puts something into it, or he puts out his tongue in derision. I imagine that Huckleberry's mouth exercise would take the latter form if anybody told him to strive for the acquisition of that exquisitely modulated baritone which is the pride of the British Lion. Are our island voices as full and sweet as the Association pretends? Make a round of the London theatres, and count the actresses who touch your heart through the ear. Heaven forbid that I should name any names; but there is a lady in one playhouse whose accent simply shatters my nerves. It is like nothing so much as "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," which, you remember, was wont to set going all the discords in creation. When I hear a voice like that in the theatre, I look at the unfortunate gentlemen of the orchestra—and wonder whether the sweet sounds they discourse between the acts enable them to bear the infliction. A low voice which, as Lear says, is an excellent thing in woman, is not common even in our tuneful clime. I remember a lady of very independent judgment who said on this point, "And a very good thing too, Sir! Your low-voiced woman is a slave. Your wretched Shakspeare wanted women to have low voices which would never rise in judgment upon the wicked selfishness of man. The only way to rouse him from his disgusting apathy is to scream at him. Depend upon it, the voice of woman in the future will be as high as she can pitch it!" The voice of this particular charmer was like a steam-siren.

The singing voices of women do not chant the battle-cry of freedom, and yet the soprano, it seems to me, has too long abused the ears of mankind. Take the upper register of even a first-rate soprano, and what a torment it often is! Those exercises with the mouth wide open, are they not, as a rule, rather wonderful than charming? Have you ever heard such downright screeching as in a Wagner opera? There is only one great soprano voice that holds its sway in the ear of my memory as a perfect joy. It is Christine Nilsson's. I hear it still in "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and all the world turns to harmony. For the rest, my friends, fathers and mothers, if the laryngologists can help you, teach your girls to have contralto voices!

A LOOK ROUND.

Once more the Bisle Meeting has come round, and the breezy furze-clad Surrey common is vibrant with the merry whizz, whirr, and ping of bullets. It is now ten years—how time, like a bullet, speeds along!—since the Princess of Wales opened the ranges. More remarkable even than the flight of time is the change that has taken place at Bisle during that period. The number of permanent buildings on the common has increased enormously of late, and this year the Army Rifle Association are in full possession of their fine new house near the great pavilion, while with true Greater British handsomeness, Colonel McLean, this year's president of the club, is dispensing lavish hospitality at the beautiful house which Canadians have built for themselves. The Army and Navy started the shooting on Monday. The Army Champion, Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, led the Hythe School of Musketry Team, which carried off the Methuen Cup; and the Evelyn Wood Challenge Cup was won by the E Company of the Northamptonshires. The meeting promises to be unusually interesting, especially in the second week, when the great Volunteer competitions will take place. The social side of things has become a very pronounced feature of the meeting; and on Tuesday, early in the history of this year's gathering as it was, there was quite a large influx of visitors to witness the inter-University match for the Humphry Cup, which the Oxford Team won with a score of 758, against Cambridge's 716. The same day Major the Hon. T. R. Fremantle, 1st Bucks, scoring 93, won the first prize in the Waldegrave; and the Regulars vanquished the Volunteers by 48 points.

In the booming of Henley Regatta course there was a good deal of the principle of "nothing venture, nothing gain." It was an experiment involving an outlay of some £800 or £900 in poles, etc., but against the cost may be set the fact that the booms have come to stay. So well did the arrangement work, both for rowing men and spectators alike, that now everybody is wondering why such an excellent plan was not thought of before. From the time of the first event until Lady Esther Smith distributed the prizes, there was no serious congestion—a happy state of things, indeed.

If someone would only devise a means of "booming" which would keep "Glorious Goodwood" free from an element much more objectionable than the "caddishness" that threatened to spoil Henley, he would be doing Society a real benefit, and make the Sussex meeting a greater delight than ever, and a sweeter remembrance to have in one's keeping at Cowes.

At Lord's this week the Gentlemen occupied a much pleasanter position in their match against the Players than at the Oval. Their batting against the cream of English bowling was a theme for admiration. Especially fine was the display given by Mr. C. B. Fry, whose name now stands with those who have played a three-figure innings in Gentlemen v. Players. He had scored 104 when he was bowled by Rhodes. The Gentlemen's bowling was certainly not prejudiced by the rain which fell between the play of the first and second days. Mr. D. L. A. Jephson's, unsuccessfully tried at the Oval, proved eminently destructive at Lord's. Such is cricket, and therefore its charm.

After a contest lasting over six weeks, the great London Chess Tournament was brought to a close last Monday evening. The first prize was taken by Mr. Lasker, who only lost one game, and who firmly established his position as the world's chess champion by play that was at once sound, subtle, and brilliant. Messrs. Janowski, Pillsbury, and Maroczy tied for the next three positions, the former throwing away at the end his opportunity of being second, and so securing a place to which his skill fully entitled him. Mr. Blackburne, the chief hope of England, reached the sixth place by curiously unequal play; for all the leaders suffered defeat at his hands, while the tail made up their score largely at his expense. The full score was as follows—

1. E. Lasker (Berlin and London) ...	22½	£250
2. D. Janowski (Paris) ...	19	£115
3. H. N. Pillsbury (America) ...	18	each.
4. G. Maroczy (Budapest) ...	18	
5. C. Schlechter (Vienna) ...	17	£85
6. J. H. Blackburne (London) ...	15½	£50
7. M. Tchigorine (St. Petersburg) ...	15	£40
8. J. W. Shawwalter (America) ...	13½	£30
9. J. Mason (London) ...	12	£20
Cohn (Berlin) ...	11½	Bird (London) ... 7
Steinitz (New York) ...	11½	Tinsley (London) ... 6
Lee (London) ...	9½	

This might well be called an American week at Newmarket. The heat has been phenomenal. The July Sales have been remarkable for the influx of American blood-stock, and the racing for the success of American horses and American jockeys. In fact, it seems that the friendly feeling between the two great countries is about to extend to our racecourses more noticeably than ever, as it has to the neckties of the fashionable young men of the day, who are wearing the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack artistically woven in silk. We have previously had small consignments of American thoroughbreds sent over to this country, but the lot brought over by the agency of Mr. J. B. Haggis, of Sacramento, California, and sent up for sale, numbered eighty-seven lots. Of these forty-two were sold on Tuesday, at an average of about 121 guineas. The best price realised was 1850 guineas for a colt by Goldfinch from Fleurette. Some critics object to the introduction of American blood into our stud-books, but others, probably with a greater show of reason, aver that our own thoroughbreds could do with a little fresh blood to counteract that tendency to "weediness," which is occasionally so prominent in many of our yearling sales. Anyway, the Americans have come to stay; and what more, they win races, for on the opening day at Newmarket they were successful in three races, and only missed a fourth by a head. Lord William Beresford's and others trained by Huggins are evidently to be a source of danger this summer and autumn.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS: THE PAARDEKRAAL MEETING.

Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.

GENERAL JOUBERT LEAVING PAARDEKRAAL.



THE BOER GATHERING AT PAARDEKRAAL.

The South African mail brings us several illustrations of the gathering of Boers at Paardekraal (round the historic monument) on Saturday, June 17. About five thousand Boers were present, and the meeting was addressed by General Joubert and several executive members. The tone of the meeting was to the effect that not another hair would be conceded beyond the President's franchise proposals at the Conference, and General Joubert called on all to

President Kruger had done at Bloemfontein. Mr. Wulmarans, member of the Executive Council, said that in virtue of the proposals put forward by Sir A. Milner, strangers would come and undermine the independence of the country. Thereupon Mr. Schalk Burger said that, while they stoutly denied that her Majesty's Government had the slightest right to interfere in their internal affairs, they were ready to discuss the situation

the resolution, on the motion of Mr. Pete Kruger, grandson of President Kruger, a statement was added to the effect that this meeting cannot concede anything further. In the course of the meeting, Mr. Cock gave utterance to his surprise that Mr. Chamberlain had referred to the Edgar case, which the speaker alleged had been the work of paid agitators and rebels. Before the meeting separated, the demonstrators joined heartily in the



BOERS DISCUSSING THE SITUATION BESIDE THE HISTORICAL HEAP OF STONES.



A RUSH FOR WAGONS AFTER THE MEETING.

remember the solemn oath taken by them in 1880. On that occasion each Boer, holding a stone in his hand, took an oath before the Almighty that he would shed the last drop of blood if need were for his beloved country. The stones were cast into one great heap, over which the monument was raised. General Joubert, continuing, said that, nevertheless, they were not there to make a declaration of war, but to approve for the sake of peace what

with a view to a peaceful solution of the difficulty. He was followed by Mr. Cock, a member of the Executive Council, whose view was that in England the people were treated like dumb animals, but in the Transvaal the voice of the people was the voice of the King. A resolution was then passed approving President Kruger's proposals and declaring them to be as liberal and far-reaching in spirit as the meeting could possibly consent to. To

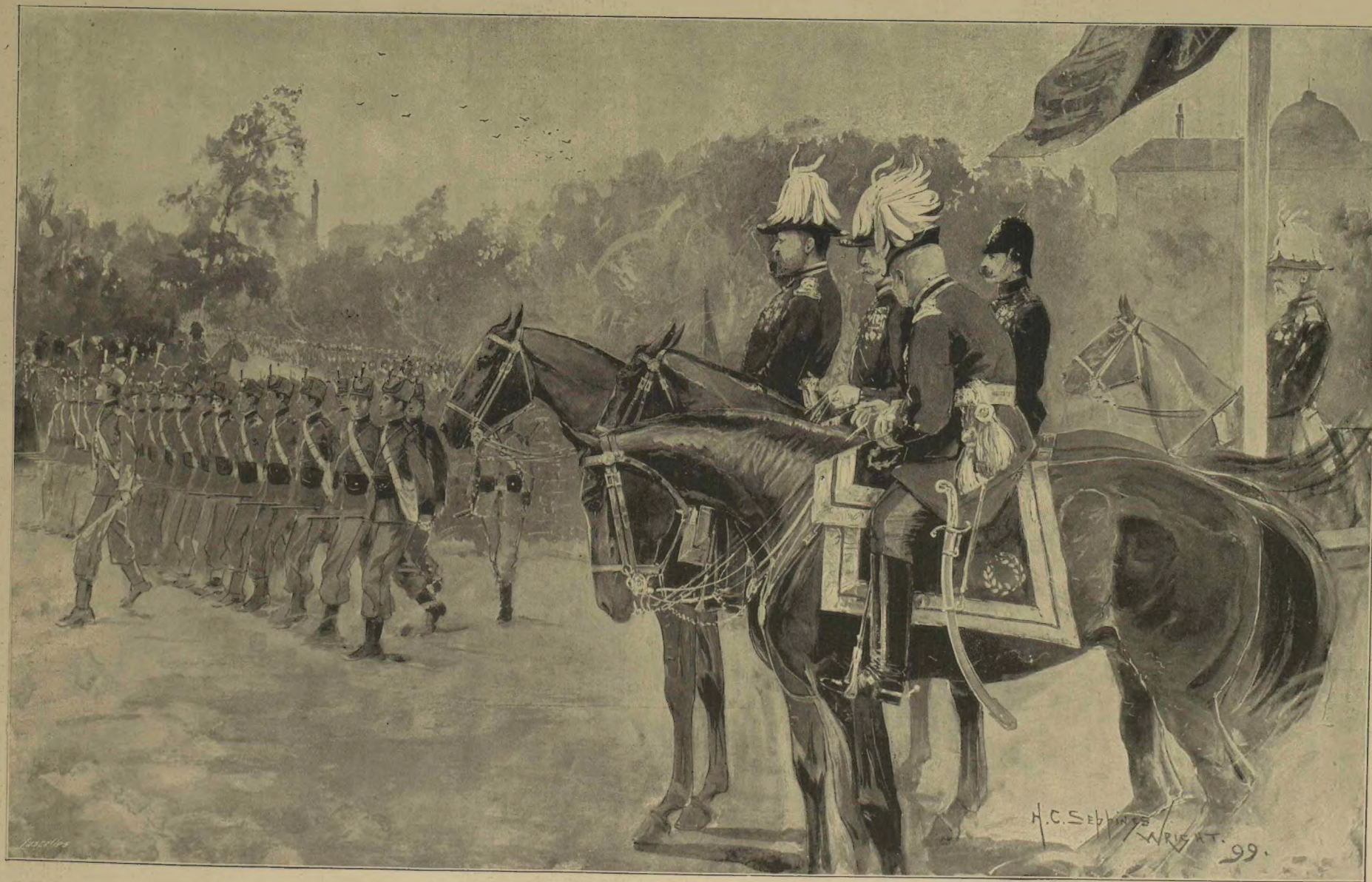
last verse of the 134th Psalm, which interesting moment we include among our illustrations. Cheers were then given for President Kruger, and the meeting terminated. Our illustrations include several other views of the proceedings. In the background of one is to be seen the heap of stones, behind the railing of the monument. Another view shows General Joubert leaving Paardekraal, attended by a mounted escort and cheered by the crowd.



THE BOERS CONCLUDE PROCEEDINGS WITH THE LAST VERSE OF THE 134TH PSALM.



"THREE CHEERS FOR PRESIDENT KRUGER!"



THE VOLUNTEER CENTENARY REVIEW BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUNTEER CENTENARY CELEBRATION. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GREAT REVIEW.

Just a hundred years ago King George III. reviewed the Volunteers of the Metropolis in Hyde Park. On that memorable occasion 8000 armed men paraded before his Majesty. On Saturday last, July 8, 27,000 men of Britain's great civilian army passed in review before the Prince of Wales on the Horse Guards' Parade. Everything was incontestably successful: the weather was at its best, the crowds of spectators who thronged the streets and the parks were in excellent temper, and probably at no time has so large a body of troops, mustered as they were under the most difficult conditions imaginable, been better handled in ceremonial formations, a fact which entitles General Trotter and his Staff of the Home District to the very warmest congratulations. The event had evidently aroused the interest of the great Continental Powers and of the military authorities of our Transatlantic friends and congeners, a circumstance that was evidenced in the notable group of attachés of the suites of the Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Powers accredited to the Court of St. James who were present. France was represented by the Comte de Pontavice de Houssey, Germany by the Baron von Lüttwitz, Russia by Colonel Yermoloff, Belgium by Colonel de Block, and the United States by Colonel Sumner.

Entering the Parade from Whitehall, there were tiers of handsomely decorated tribunes extending from either side of the saluting base to the full extent of the ground—from the Admiralty buildings on the right to the Treasury House on the left. The stands provided accommodation for no less than four thousand persons, and every seat was occupied. The windows and even the roofs of the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, and the Treasury were filled with spectators. Flags which hung listlessly in the warm but motionless summer air were run up on all these public offices, and against the railings of St. James's Park the public stood in serried lines for hours before the march past began and all through its continuance. The ground was kept by the Brigade of Guards. An effective background to the scene was formed by the stately trees which stand on the eastern fringe of the park, now all in the full glory of their verdure and foliage. In the centre of the ground were the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, with the leading drummers in their State regalia of scarlet and gold. Immediately in front of them was a guard of honour furnished by the 1st Grenadier Guards, all of picked men chosen from those who in August and September last carried Britain's avenging hail of lead and steel over the arid deserts of the Egyptian Soudan. On the eastern edge of the Parade was the Honourable Artillery Company of London standing in its unique organisation of horse and field artillery, plus its battalion of marching troops with colours flying, in readiness by virtue of its seniority, not only in the service of Great Britain, but of the world as a standing military organisation, to lead the assembled troops in the defile past the Prince of Wales, who for the day acted on behalf of the Queen-Empress. Away stretching along the extent of the Mall, and far beyond, in solid masses, were the remainder of the troops—the Artillerymen and Engineers specially grouped into brigades for the day, and the Infantrymen concentrated in their usual brigade formations.

A quarter past five. On the parade ground faint echoes of the National Anthem were heard from the direction of Marlborough Gate. The Marlborough House party had reached the Mall, and in a few minutes the Princess of Wales's carriage was seen near the Duke of York's stairs. The guard of honour sprang to attention, and simultaneously the occupants of the tribunes rose, and the ladies closed their sunshades and stood up and bowed, as her Royal Highness was driven on to the saluting-base. The Guard saluted, and all were moved to smiles as the small boy Prince Edward, who, with his mother, was with the Princess, in true military fashion, and with a gravity of demeanour that would have befitted a Field Marshal, acknowledged the compliment on his grandparents' behalf. The other royal carriages followed in rapid succession, and a few minutes later the Prince of Wales, the other royal Princes and their suites, and the Headquarter and District Staffs rode on to the ground. The guard again saluted and promptly retired.

The march past was immediately commenced. First came the District Staff, and then the Honourable Artillery Company. The Duke of York led the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, of which he is Colonel, past the saluting-base; and the Duke of Connaught paid a similar compliment to the London Irish Rifles. Lord Wolsley went by at the head of his battalion, the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, and the Duke of Westminster placed himself in the leading position of the Queen's Westminster rifles, at the head of which fine regiment also rode Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P., who enjoys the distinction of having suggested the review. Sir William Charley led the 3rd Royal Fusiliers, General Willis the 1st V.B. Middlesex Regiment, and Colonel W. J. Brown the 17th Middlesex V.R.C. The troops went by with remarkable steadiness, and most, quite deservedly, were heartily applauded. The review occupied close

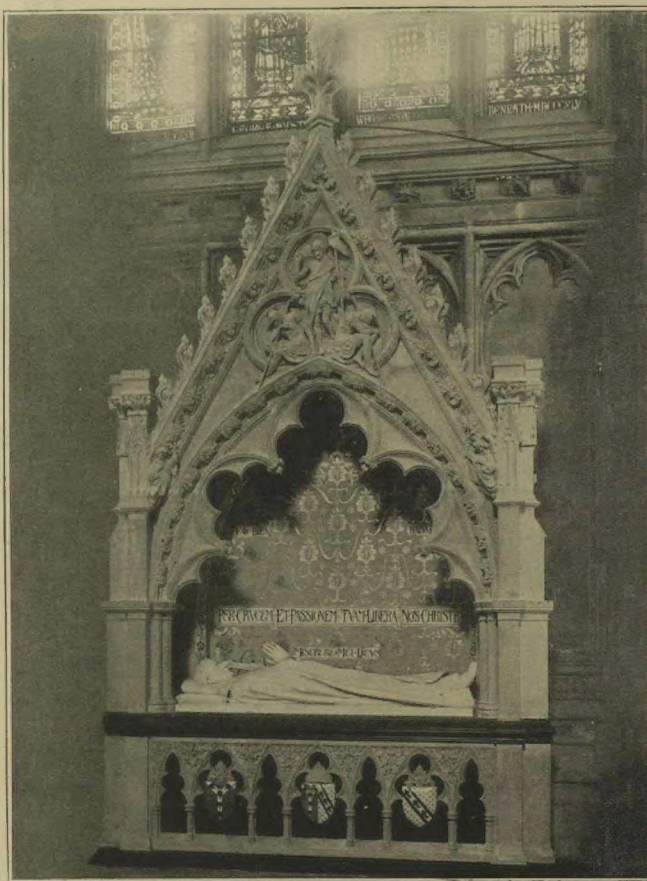
upon two hours, and never at any time was there the slightest hitch to mar the proceedings. After passing the saluting-base the troops formed fours by companies, and after wheeling to the left, made their exit from the park by Storey's Gate and Birdcage Walk at the double.

Before leaving the Parade the Prince of Wales rode up to reserved enclosures in front of the tribunes, where a large number of veterans, about a thousand in all, were assembled, ex-Volunteers who had served for twenty or more years in the force. Many were in uniform, but perhaps the majority were in mufti, and formed a most motley yet interesting throng. Some of the contingents carried with them the old colours of the corps which were the predecessors of those in which they themselves had served. The review was a magnificent success, of which memories will doubtless be long preserved.

During the proceedings the members of No. 1 District, St. John Ambulance Brigade, were on duty. Nineteen stations were formed near the parade-ground, and the total number of cases treated was 169, the majority of which were due to the heat and crowding. The self-sacrificing efforts of the Brigade, in the ranks of which many ladies are enrolled, are worthy of all praise.

THE YACHT "SHAMROCK."

On Saturday forenoon Sir Thomas Lipton's America Cup challenger, *Shamrock*, weighed off from Hythe, while she



ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S MONUMENT IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, UNVEILED BY
THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY ON JULY 8.
See "Topics of the Day."

was still swung to the flood-tide, and went for a trial spin down Southampton Water. She stood out under a foresail and mainsail only, but off Netley Hospital the spread of canvas was increased by the setting of a jib and a small working headsail. She was then headed to Cowes. The breeze, though light, was somewhat jerky and unsteady; but the stronger puffs seemed to have small effect upon the vessel, in spite of her enormous area of canvas. The *Shamrock* went on to Ryde, and was again headed for Cowes, picking up the steam-yacht *Erin* on her return journey. On board the *Erin* were Sir Thomas Lipton and a large party of friends, a considerable number of gentlemen having travelled down from town to witness the first trial of the challenger under canvas. It was their unanimous opinion that the *Shamrock* was the fastest light-weather craft ever seen in the Solent. The new yacht having been put into dry dock at Southampton, a curious rumour got abroad that she had sprung a leak. Sir Thomas Lipton, however, authorised a Press agency to contradict the report, for which there is no foundation whatever.

THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE.

The great dam at Assouan, which was begun in February 1898, continues to make rapid progress. About 10,000 labourers in the employ of Messrs. Aird, contractors, of London, are at work at Assouan. The whole of the staff, including the hands employed at Assiout, number 15,000 men. They are engaged in cutting the very stone that was worked in the age of the Pharaohs, and often discover marks of wedges used thirty centuries ago on the blocks of granite that are being quarried to-day. The work consists of a dam across the Nile about four miles south of

the town of Assouan, and a navigable channel on the west bank of the Nile, which will be fitted with locks on the Canal principle. Our Illustrations show the works on the west bank, where the channel is to be, and the excavations along the trench looking east.

DESTRUCTION OF NEW RICHMOND.

We publish two striking Illustrations of the tornado which ravished New Richmond, Wisconsin, last month. Richmond, a town of 2500 people, had been more or less on fête on the day when the storm swept down upon it. Towards six o'clock the tempest was seen approaching. In less than thirty seconds it had traversed the whole town, which is half a mile in length and entirely destroyed the business quarter. Sixty structures in four closely built blocks were crushed or shattered. More than a hundred persons were killed.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

Molesey is annually the scene of one of the prettiest regattas on the river, but our thoughts are not upon punts and outriggers as we skim over the level road towards Sunbury. Beyond Sunbury we cross the iron bridge that leads to Walton-on-Thames, noting with interest the beautiful Church of St. Mary's. On our way up the hill to Weybridge we see upon our right Otlands Park, once a royal residence, now a large hotel. Otlands Park figures in Mr. Meredith's "Evan Harrington" as Ryelands Park—it was won, you remember, "by Burley Bennett from one of the royal dukes." Mr. Meredith seems to know a good deal about this district: in "The Amazing Marriage" he praises "Sunbury-Walton" as a good punting reach. Stevenson, too, loved the place; it was at Weybridge he invented the larger part of "Treasure Island." Turning down to Chertsey we come to a place famous as the home of Abraham Cowley, Charles James Fox, the author of "Box and Cox," and, not so long ago, of Emile Zola. We pass through Addlestone to Chobham, a straggling sun-baked old place, not to be confounded with Cobham, which is several miles away. We visit Bourne Brook, and are soon ploughing our machines through the sandy lanes of the glorious Bisley moorland.

But suppose one is not a cyclist, there still remains a great deal of enjoyment, although wheelmen may consider this a hard saying. At this season, as usual, the various railway companies offer special facilities to tourists. Should you be a golfer eager to explore the golfing grounds of the south-west, you cannot do better than read Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's dainty little book, which deals exhaustively with the most delightful sea-resorts and inland pleasure places in Surrey, Hants, Dorset, North and South Devon, North Cornwall, and all that region. The places which Mr. Pascoe names are of easy access by the London and South Western Railway.

If, again, you desire the Sussex coast you will certainly welcome the new fast train which the Brighton Company has inaugurated to Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonard's, and Hastings. The train performs the journey in just thirteen minutes under the two hours, and every afternoon there is a fast return to London, which is only thirteen minutes slower.

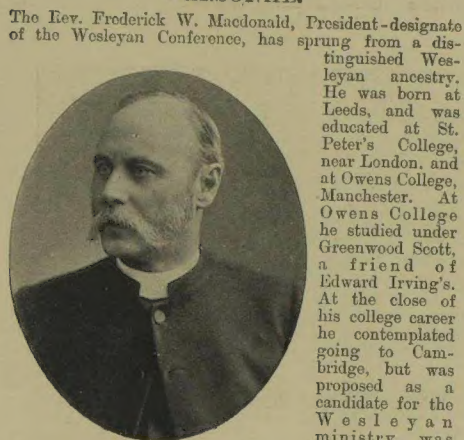
And should you be attracted by the coast of Normandy the Brighton Company's Royal Mail route will take you to the quaint native town of William the Conqueror, where you may see many such curious and interesting bits of life as our Artist has depicted in his Normandy sketches. The same route is, of course, equally convenient for Paris and the Continent generally. On and after July 15 passengers by the Newhaven and Dieppe route for Switzerland may register their luggage direct to Lausanne, Montreux, Berne, Neuchâtel, Zernatt, Geneva, Basle, and so forth.

Our Artist has this week illustrated many of the most delightful spots in the neighbourhood of Killarney. If you would know how best to reach the delights of the Upper Lake, the Old Weir Bridge, the Tore Cascade, Ross Castle, Muckross Abbey, and the famous Gap of Dunloe, you should read the "Four Provinces of Ireland," the handiest of guide-books, published by the authority of the Irish railways. A proposal, by the way, is on foot that the Muckcross Estate, now in the market, shall be purchased as a public pleasure ground. Visitors who travel by the Great Southern and Western Company's route via Mallow may return by the Prince of Wales's route through Glengariff and Bantry, in connection with the Cork, Bandon, and South Coast Company's line.

Whether or not visitors to Scotland seek the wild harbour of Kyleakin, in the Isle of Skye, which our Artist has depicted, they will at any rate learn with satisfaction that the London and North Western Railway are running an additional and accelerated train service to the North. Passengers for North Wales and the English Lake District by the same company's trains may have their luggage collected, conveyed, and delivered in advance at sixpence per package.

Holiday-makers who seek the seaside at Dawlish, Ilfracombe, Torquay, Barnmouth, and Aberystwith will find their travelling wants supplied by the Great Western Railway Company's summer arrangements. Frequent trains run daily to these resorts, and there is a daily daylight service to the Channel Islands.

PERSONAL.



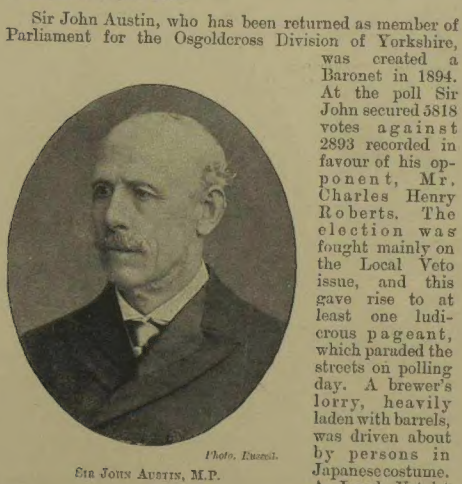
Photo, C. R. Clara.
THE REV. F. W. MACDONALD.

twenty. For nineteen years he occupied various charges; for ten years was Professor of Theology at Handsworth College, Birmingham; and for the last eight years he has been one of the secretaries of the Missionary Society. He has travelled in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and America.

Committee on the Clerical Tithes Bill has banished dullness from the House of Commons. Nothing so animated has been known for several sessions. The Opposition kept their pledge to oppose the Bill tooth and nail. Sport was limited by the circumstance that there are only two clauses, and you cannot discuss two clauses for ever. The Chairman of Committees, Mr. J. W. Lowther, had an admirable opportunity of showing his firmness and impartiality. He kept a tight hand on the Opposition critics who tried to wander from the point, and he pulled up Mr. Balfour, who was for unduly shortening the proceedings by a premature closure. Altogether a fine object-lesson for the intelligent foreigner who finds that of all the mysteries of English institutions, the greatest mystery is our spirit of fair play. There is some magical virtue in the Chair of the House which converts the strongest party man who happens to be installed in it into a perfectly serene and clear-sighted judge of the privileges of debate. Whatever quality the British House of Commons may lose, it is in no danger of losing that. Mr. George Whiteley has definitely joined the Opposition, but the Government majority is not seriously impaired.

The infamous Deniel, by whose orders Captain Dreyfus was deliberately tortured in the hope that he would die, has been dismissed from the public service. It is a pity that such a miscreant cannot be made to spend the rest of his life in the prison which he made a hell for an innocent man. It is characteristic of Captain Dreyfus that not a syllable of resentment at the horrors of his captivity has passed his lips.

The sad news of the Duchess of Rutland's death at Homburg on Tuesday evening has elicited deep sympathy with the bereaved Duke. Suffering from an affection of the heart, her Grace left London with the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Edward, Lord Cecil, and Lord Robert Manners, but a few weeks ago for Homburg, where it was thought that rest and quiet and change of air might be of benefit to her health. But she gradually sank, and passed peacefully away. Daughter of Mr. Thomas Hughan, of Airds, Kirkcudbright, she was married to the Duke, when Lord John Manners, in 1862.



Photo, Eusebi.
SIR JOHN AUSTIN, M.P.

cartoon represented Mr. Roberts at the top of the poll triumphant on ginger beer, while Sir John Austin was represented at the bottom, the victim of other principles. This *jeu d'esprit* the event stultified.

It comes rather as a shock to one to hear the newsboys calling out, "Serious riots in London!" Our alarm is only partially allayed when we learn that the London in question is not the capital of the Empire, but her

namesake in Ontario. For, hitherto, riots, especially riots arising out of strikes, have been associated in our minds rather with the great American Republic than with the loyal and peaceable Dominion. But the disturbance which broke out in London, Ontario, last Saturday, was sufficiently serious. The employes on the street-cars struck work, whereupon the company endeavoured to run the cars with the help of men who did not belong to the union. This so maddened the old workmen that they attacked the cars as they were running, wrecked several of them, and received the policemen who tried to interfere with volley after volley of stones. It was not till two hundred Militia had been called out that peace was restored. The streets were finally cleared at the point of the bayonet, and, owing to this promptitude on the part of the authorities, there has been no recrudescence of the trouble.

M. Antonin Roche, who has died at the age of eighty-six, was the most celebrated professor of the French tongue in London. He began his classes far back in the 'thirties, and had among his pupils Lord Granville, the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Charles Dilke. Indeed, what many members of the peerage know to-day of the French language they learned in the first instance from M. Roche. One of his daughters is married to Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, Q.C., second son of the great novelist.

Official intelligence of the death of the Czarevitch reached London on Monday, July 10. The Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch was the second son of the late Czar Alexander III. and of the Empress Marie, sister of the Princess of Wales, and was born at Tsarskoe Selo on April 27, 1871. He was thus in his twenty-ninth year, being three years younger than his brother, the present Czar. In the autumn of 1890, Grand Duke George started with his brother, who was then Czarevitch, on



Photo, Levitzky.
THE LATE CZAREVITCH: GRAND DUKE GEORGE ALEXANDROVITCH.

a tour through the East. They went up the Nile as far as Assouan, and spent a considerable time in Egypt. The party reached Bombay on Dec. 11, 1890, but the Grand Duke George had not been long in India before the state of his health obliged him to return to Russia, the Czarevitch Nicholas going on alone to Ceylon, Java, Siam, and Japan. Since that time the Czarevitch George did not take any active part in public life, though as heir to the throne he held various important naval and military appointments, including that of Chief Attaman of all the Cossacks. He was in consequence but little known to St. Petersburg society, being forced by the weak state of his lungs to spend his time on the shores of the Mediterranean or in the warmer districts of Southern Russia. He found the bracing yet kindly air of the Caucasus especially good for his complaint, and it was hoped at one time that he had thus succeeded in arresting the disease. But he died on Monday owing to the sudden bursting of a blood-vessel in his throat, to which his weakened condition rendered him easily liable. As the present Czar has no son as yet, his third brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who has not attained his twenty-first year, becomes heir to the imperial throne.

Sir Harry Johnston has been appointed Commissioner of Uganda. Few administrators have been so successful in Africa, and it was felt that his seclusion in the Consulate of Tunis could be only temporary. Under a diminutive and dapper exterior, Sir Harry Johnston hides one of those bold and resolute spirits which make the born leader of men. His appointment has given the highest satisfaction to all the friends of African colonisation, who, for some time past, have watched events in Uganda with anxiety.

The work of consolidating British interests in the Sudan proceeds apace. On Jan. 19 it had been agreed that the town of Suakim should be exempted from the general jurisdiction that obtains in the Sudan. By this agreement Suakim went along with Egypt, and was thus subject to the control of the Mixed Tribunals—which are not exactly favourable to British interests. But now another agreement has been signed between Lord Cromer and Boutros Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, by which

Suakim is to go along with the rest of the Sudan and be subject to the direct control of the British authorities.

The late Professor Banister Fletcher was a pupil of the late Charles James Richardson, the well-known architect.

At the age of twenty he began work at New-castle-on-Tyne, but for the past thirty years he had practised in London, and had helped to adorn our thoroughfares with excellent examples of street architecture. His practice as a surveyor was very extensive, and his services were in great demand as witness, arbitrator, and umpire. He was elected A.R.I.B.A. in 1860, and F.R.I.B.A. in 1876, and was a Fellow of King's College, London. He was District Surveyor for West Newington and part of Lambeth, and a Surveyor to the Board of Trade. Elected Professor of Architecture and Building Construction at King's College, he fitted up an Architectural and Building Construction Reference Museum.

The Kaiser's telegram to M. Loubet is one of his successes. He has not always chosen his address well for communications of this kind, but it is generally admitted that he does better to telegraph to Paris than to Pretoria. Nothing could be more surprising and gratifying to the French than to find the Kaiser describing France to the President as "your noble country," and saying that he has a comrade's heart for the cadets on a French training-ship which he met in Norway. After this, as they say in Paris, the Kaiser may expect an invitation to the opening of the Exhibition.

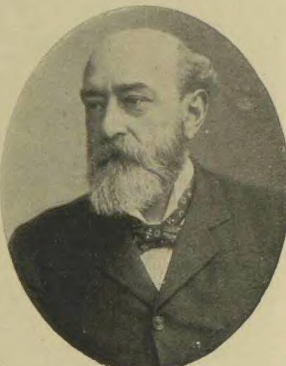
President Loubet has done a very gracious thing by pardoning the Italian General who was condemned to five years' imprisonment as a spy. General Giletta had taken up his quarters in the prison of Ilo St. Marguerite, near Cannes, made historical by the Man in the Iron Mask. He is luckier than that prisoner. The President's political clemency has made a most favourable impression in Italy.

Official inquiries have disclosed a Royalist plot in France. A M. Guérin, who professes to be a rabid Anti-Semite, and edits one of the most blackguardly prints in Paris, persuaded the Duke of Orleans to advance a considerable sum for the propagation of treason. M. Déroulède had fifty thousand francs about him when he was arrested. Money has been flowing pretty freely from the purses of the foolish into the pockets of the needy. It required only this revelation to show the abject folly of the Monarchist faction when they set about a revolution.

The Duchess of Sutherland's garden-party, held to promote the interests of the Scottish Home Industries Association, is now a well-known feature of the London season, and on Monday afternoon the beautiful gardens of Stafford House were gay with brilliantly coloured homespun, the work of the Scottish crofters. The chief districts contributing to the display were Sutherland, Ross-shire, Inverness-shire, and Shetland, and the larger islands of the Hebrides. An interesting exhibit was a collection of the herbs and weeds used by the crofters to make dyes for their home-made tweeds. The Marchioness of Lorne and many well-known society people patronised the exhibition.

The late Sir Alexander Armstrong, who has died at the age of eighty-one, saw a great deal of service in the Arctic Regions and during the Crimean War.

The son of the late Mr. Alexander Armstrong, of Crohan County, Fermanagh, Ireland, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and Edinburgh University. Entering the medical department of the Navy in 1842, he served in various parts of the world, and in 1849 was appointed surgeon and naturalist to the *Investigator*, which was sailing under McClure in search of Sir John Franklin. During the Russian War he was stationed in the Baltic and saw the bombardment of Sveaborg, and distinguished himself in a night attack with a flotilla of rocket-boats. In 1866 he was promoted Inspector-General of Hospitals, and three years later became Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy, from which office he retired in 1880. Among Sir Alexander Armstrong's decorations were the Knight Commandership of the Bath and the Arctic medals.



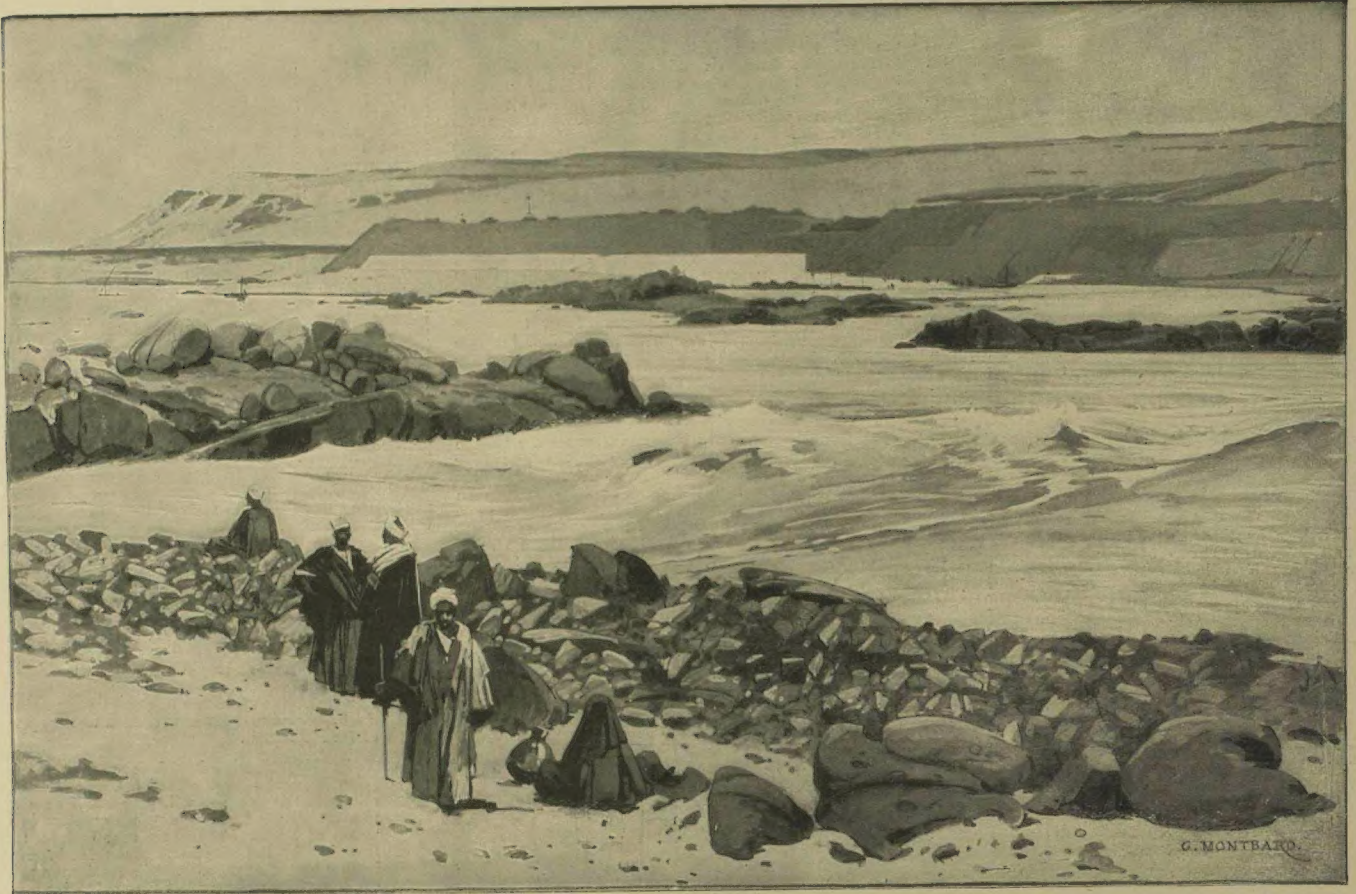
Photo, London Sterco. Co.
THE LATE PROFESSOR BANISTER FLETCHER.



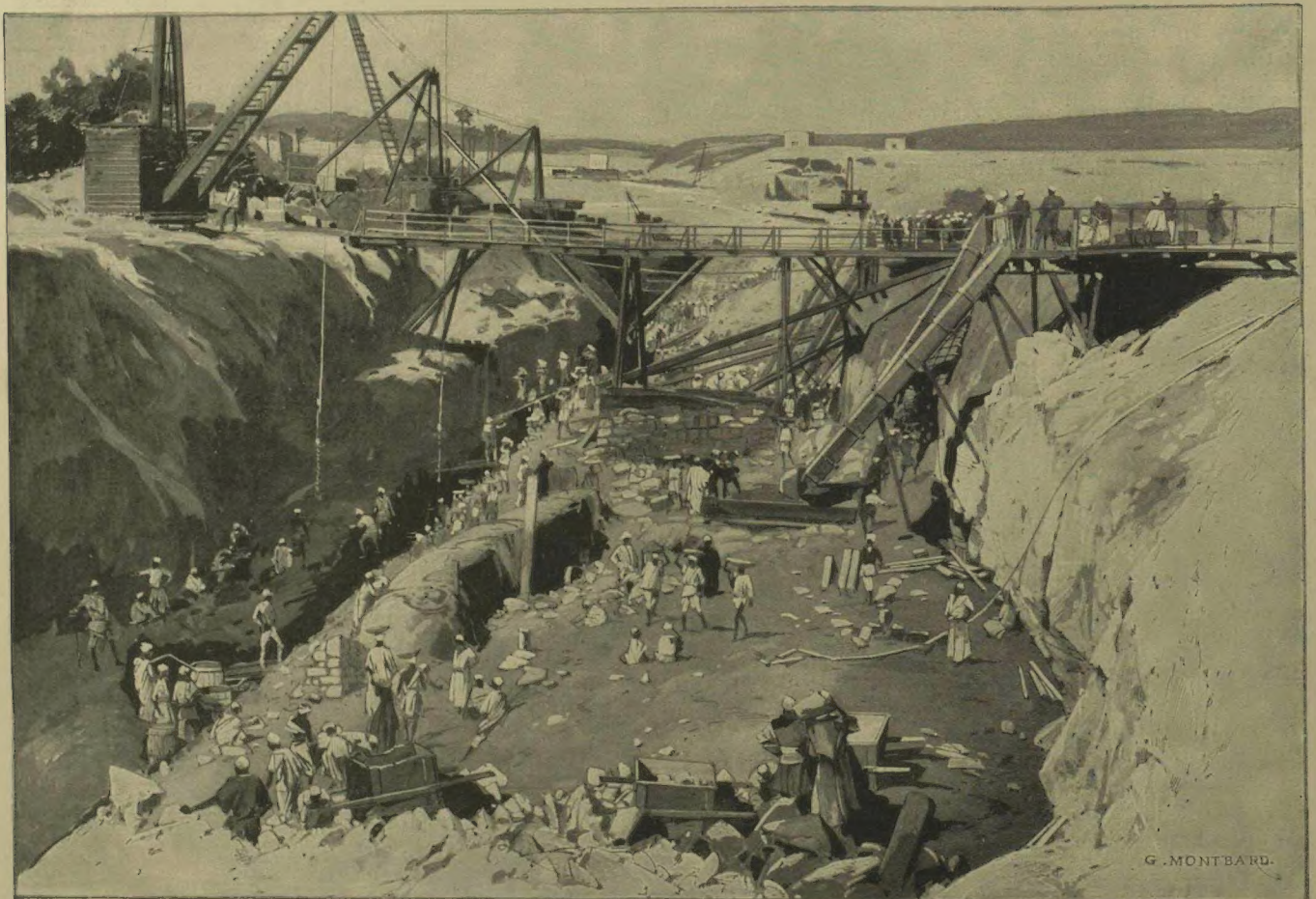
Photo, M. Smith.
THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE AT ASSOUAN: THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

From Photographs supplied by Messrs. Aird.



THE WEST BANK, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING PITCHING.



THE LONG TRENCH, LOOKING EAST.



ROSES.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Her Majesty last week received at Windsor Castle 160 delegates of the International Congress of Women. Several of the delegates had the honour of being named to her Majesty by the Countess of Aberdeen, President to the Congress. On Sunday the Queen and royal family attended divine service in the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated and preached the sermon.

We publish on this page two Illustrations dealing with the Chinese system of transhipment of goods at Wuchan, a treaty port on the West River. At various intervals along the Chinese rivers, the great highways of the country, the Government has established stations where toll is levied on all passing goods. The manner of collecting the duty, though professedly based on a uniform tariff, is really a matter of bargain between the junk-master and the collector. The junk-master proceeds to the Lekin Station, or Custom House, and makes an offer of a lump sum. Sometimes he loses, sometimes he gains on the transaction.

To show in what a scandalous way the levy of lekin taxes is carried on, take the case of the "whale-backed" boats given in the Illustration. Wuchan is the natural centre at which the transhipment of large quantities of grain and other produce takes place. This produce is brought there from the surrounding country in small boats capable of negotiating the rapids which impede the river higher up, and is then transferred to larger ones, and carried in them down the clear stretches of the lower river to



"SQUEEZE" BOATS AT WUCHAN, WEST RIVER, CHINA.

These craft are built and used for the express purpose of evading lekin taxes, with the knowledge and connivance of the provincial officials.

"face" is everything. The officials know perfectly well that barefaced swindling is being carried on, but they make a profit out of it and are content to ignore it. The

under Sir Robert Hart. Their Custom House is as a temporary measure located on a floating pontoon, of which we give an Illustration. The floating Custom House is necessitated by the summer floods, which often raise the river from sixty to seventy feet. Our Illustrations are from photographs supplied by G. H. Sheppard, Wuchan.



THE IMPERIAL MARITIME CUSTOMS TEMPORARY OFFICE AT WUCHAN, WEST RIVER, CHINA.

Owing to heavy floods in summer, when the river rises sixty to seventy feet, the Customs officials have recourse to a floating office.

that great centre of trade, Canton. In any other country the transfer would be effected by bringing the two boats concerned alongside each other and emptying the one into the other; but not so in China. At Wuchan the up-country boat remains at the upper end of the harbour, and the down-river—that is, the one going to Canton—one lies at the lower end, transfer of cargo from one to the other over the few hundred yards separating them being effected by the "whale-backed" boats. In doing this, one or two lekin or custom-house stations have to be passed, and it is then apparent why these boats are used and why their peculiar construction. It is positively ludicrous to the European onlooker to see the officials at these lekin stations gravely going through the farce of probing the contents of these boats' holds with long iron rods, the pretended object being to ascertain the cubic content, and on that to assess the duty, when it is a fact well known to everyone that the owners of the boats make no charge for the expense of transhipping goods, but look to make a profit out of what they can get through the lekin without payment of duty. Nor are the officials a bit more taken in than the general public. The shape alone of these boats would arouse the suspicions of the veriest novice, but if further proof were necessary, it is open to the lekin officials to step a few yards along the foreshore from their stations and see the construction and repair of these very boats going on under their noses. The interior of these craft is even more wonderful than their exterior shape. Bulkheads run in all directions and at all angles, manifestly placed in order to defeat as much as possible a true estimate being arrived at of the amount of goods or produce carried. To the foreigner the wonder is that both people and officials should go to the trouble they do to perpetrate so palpable a fraud which deceives neither party. To him it seems unnecessary to go through this farce, but not so to the Chinese: to them

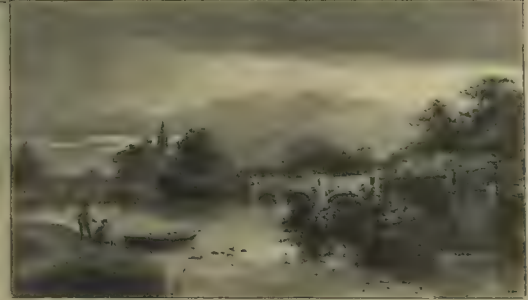
people know it is being carried on, but as they also make a profit out of the affair, they do not object. Things are very different as regards the work done by the Customs Staff

Table Mountain, the famous sentinel of the Cape Colony, overlooks Table Bay, on the edge of which Cape Town is situated. The mountain, which towers 3540 ft. above sea-level, owes its name to its peculiar shape and flat summit, which is often covered with a curious white cloud called the table-cloth. Table Bay is strategically important, for it can shelter the largest fleet. A great breakwater makes the anchorage perennially secure.



300 FT. ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND 3000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL: VIEW FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE TOWN.

Photo. supplied by T. J. Swain.



1. The Thames at Molesey. 2. Bisley Common. 3. St. Mary's Church, Walton-on-Thames. 4. At Weybridge. 5. Bisley Church. 6. Chobham. 7. The Bourne Brook, near Addlestone.

A SUMMER RIDE THROUGH WEYBRIDGE TO BISLEY.

Drawn by Harry Colls.

Brilliant weather favoured the opening of Henley Regatta, and continued throughout the meeting. The numbers attending were comparatively small, but the day's enjoyment was voted none the less on that account. The great feature of this year's regatta is the boom staking off



AT HENLEY: PEMBROKE COLLEGE BEATING RADLEY.

This illustration shows the new Boom.

the course. About this innovation opinion was considerably divided, but locomotion was found to be easier than it has been for a long time. For this the advocates of the boom claimed the credit. The second day brought weather somewhat less brilliant, but a larger crowd. The Stewards' Cup (second round) was one of Thursday's exciting events, when the German crew beat Balliol College. On Friday, however, the Teutonic crew had to yield to the Magdalen College Four. Friday saw a falling off in spectators, but those who did attend were enthusiastically interested in the finals. For the Wyfold Challenge Cup the decisive struggle lay between Trinity Hall and the London Rowing Club. The former won by two lengths and a half. For the Grand Challenge Cup final Leander triumphed over the London Rowing Club. Mon made a popular win for the Ladies' Challenge Plate, in the first heat of which Pembroke College, Cambridge, beat Radley. The final for the Diamond Sculls was smartly contested by Howell, of the Thames Rowing Club, and Blackstaffe, of the Vesta. Blackstaffe went off at a tremendous pace, rowing forty to Howell's thirty. This, however, was too hot to last, and Howell, with a grand, long stroke, crept up level at Fawley. On this Blackstaffe stopped for a moment as if dead-beat, and, though he afterwards made a stiff fight, he was easily beaten by four lengths. Leander (Phillips and Willis) won the Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup, while Balliol captured the "Visitors" from New College. Both crews started at thirty-seven a minute. In the evening the usual firework displays were given.

On Sunday morning the Duke of Cambridge performed one of those grateful and kindly acts which more than anything else, perhaps, make the royal family beloved by all classes in the country. The Duke is President of the Foundling Hospital in Guilford Street, and after attending Divine Service in the chapel of the hospital, he distributed prizes to those old pupils who, now that they are men and women, have by their meritorious conduct deserved special marks of distinction. The scene in the chapel during service was exceedingly pretty and touching. On either side of the famous organ, presented to the hospital by Handel, were arranged tier upon tier of children, all healthy and rosy, and their fresh young voices filled the old, dim-lighted building with happy music. On seeing them so bright and wholesome, one could not but think how different their lot would be were it not for the institution. Instead of receiving a pleasant and useful training for an honourable future, they would be left to sprawl as outcasts in the hot and unhealthy alleys of London.

After an eloquent sermon by the Bishop of London, the Duke distributed the prizes, many of the recipients being soldiers. His Royal Highness spoke with great feeling of the pleasure which he, in his advanced age, felt at again being present with his "young friends."

Paisley Abbey, the restoration of which is now in progress, claims to be one of the finest architectural and historical buildings in Scotland. It was founded by Walter, the first of the Scottish Stuarts, in 1163. In its now roofless choir the founder himself and seven generations of his descendants lie buried, with them being Marjory Bruce, through whom the crown came to the Stuarts, the two wives of King Robert II. and King Robert III. himself. Their resting-place is marked by a monument of Sicilian marble placed over their remains by Queen Victoria after her visit to Paisley in 1888. As a youth, Sir William Wallace there worshipped with his parents, and before the high altar Robert the Bruce was absolved from the Papal excommunication for the murder of Comyn. The building contains a nave of six bays, with north and south aisles, which stand to-day almost as perfect as when it was built, commanding universal admiration for the simple grandeur of its lines, the mingled strength of its massive pillars, and the beauty of its aisles, triforium, and clerestory. It is still used as a parish church. St. Mirin's Chapel, with its finely groined ceiling, its beautiful window, and ancient sculpture, is entire, but with this exception

the transepts are roofless. Of the choir, there remain only the walls to a height of nine feet, and of the central tower only two of the supporting piers. A public meeting was held in March 1898 for the consideration of the restoration under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart. It was largely attended, and resolutions in favour of the complete restoration of the Abbey and the improvement of the surroundings were unanimously and cordially passed. A large committee was then appointed to carry out the resolutions, with Sir Michael as convenor. The congregation undertook to provide £10,000 out of the entire cost—£40,000—and the remainder to be raised by contribution. Her Majesty has just forwarded a donation of £100 towards the fund. The whole work is to take not less than four years. The restoration plans, prepared by Dr. Rowand Anderson, architect, Edinburgh, have been approved of by the committee.

Boston has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the local waterworks by a municipal gala. Our illustration shows the decoration of the Ingram monument for the occasion, which possesses a peculiar interest from the fact that the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, the founder of this Journal, took a prominent part in originating the Boston Waterworks scheme. Mr. Herbert Ingram, to whom the monument in question was erected, was for many years



Photo. Blackford, Boston.

JUBILEE OF THE BOSTON WATERWORKS: THE INGRAM MONUMENT DECORATED.

M.P. for Boston. The monument was decorated with roses and an artistic arrangement of water-jets.

There was a pleasant gathering at Barn Elms last Saturday afternoon, when, at the invitation of the Ranelagh Club, sixteen of the stage-coaches that run out of London drove up to take part in several competitions. The scene, with the smart teams and coaches and the coachmen in their old-fashioned beavers, was like a page out of the book of the past. The judges were the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Ancaster, and Lord Hothfield. The "Nimrod," owned by Captain Spicer and Captain Hamilton, which plies on the Brighton road under the experienced direction of E. K. Fownes, won the seventy-five guinea cup. Mr. E. H. Brown's "Perseverance" was second, and Mr. Harveyson's "Old Times" was third. Coachman Halley, of the "Present Times," won easily in the obstacle competition. Morse, the guard of the "Tagliani," proved himself the best horn-blower. The Duchess of Newcastle presented the prizes.

A committee, of which the Bishop of Southwark is chairman, has been formed with the object of rebuilding the Chapel of St. Nicholas in Carisbrooke Castle. It is intended that the restoration shall be a memorial of Charles the First, whose name is so tragically linked with the history of the Castle. The Chapel of St. Nicholas in Castro, as it was formerly called, dates from a very early period, and is mentioned in the Domesday Book. About 1140 it was given to the Abbey of Quarr, and in the time of Edward III. the Abbot of Quarr was commanded to repair the chapel in the Castle of Carisbrooke. The scheme has been sanctioned by the Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings, and also by her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Governor of the Isle of Wight. The works will be carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Percy Stone, and the cost is estimated at about £1000.



PAISLEY ABBEY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN RESTORED.

Drawn by J. M. Hamilton, Longside.

HENLEY REGATTA: THE FINALS.



GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.



VISITORS' CHALLENGE PLATE.



THAMES CHALLENGE CUP.



WYFOLD CHALLENGE CUP.



DIAMOND SCULLS.



LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE.



SILVER GOBLET.



STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP.



THE HARBOUR, KYLEAKIN, ISLE OF SKYE.



A PIOUS OFFERING. ST. PIERRE, CAEN



ALL WAITING FOR A JOB AND A NEW-BOAT

THE ENGLISH INVASION

ONE COLUMBELLA IN THE FAMILY

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who is to be married to-day to Lady Constance Grosvenor, is the ninth of his line. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, Baron Cooper of Paulett, and a Baronet, was born on Sept. 1, 1869, and is a Lieutenant in the 10th Hussars. He also served as A.D.C. to Lord Brassey when that peer was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Victoria. Lady Constance Grosvenor is the granddaughter of the present Duke of Westminster. Her father, Victor Alexander Earl Grosvenor, married Lady Sibell Mary Lumley, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough. Lady Constance, the eldest child of the marriage, was born on Aug. 22, 1875. Her brother, Viscount Belgrave, was born in 1879, and her sister, Lady Lettice Mary Elizabeth, was born on Christmas Day 1876.

The Prince of Wales on July 6 made his public entry into Edinburgh for the purpose of having the freedom of the city conferred on him in the McEwan Hall, and to honour the Highland and Royal Agricultural Show with his presence. The Prince drove from Dalkeith Palace, where he had been staying with the Duke of Buccleuch, and the streets

Mr. McEwin, M.P., were presented to him in the reception-room. His Royal Highness then drove to the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show, and witnessed,

Coke, Major-General Sir F. de Winton, and the Hon. Derek Keppel. The amusements of the house party included a visit to the theatre at Ugbrooke. On July 6 their Royal Highnesses visited the training-ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth. The visit to Ugbrooke came to an end on July 7.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND LADY CONSTANCE GROSVENOR, MARRIED TO-DAY, JULY 15.

Photographs by Watmough Webster, Chester.

among other things of interest, an exhibition of sixteen hybrid zebras bred by Professor Cosser Ewart, of Edinburgh. In the evening he dined at Holyrood Palace with the corps of Royal Scottish Archers.

fired at his Majesty. The insecurity of royal life in Belgrade is partly due to the fact that the Obrenovitch are not an old-established dynasty, ex-King Milan being but the fourth of his line. The family was founded by Miles

As ex-King Milan of Serbia was driving through the streets of Belgrade on the evening of July 5, his carriage being open because of the lovely weather, one of the onlookers raised a revolver and fired at him four times in rapid succession. The would-be assassin, who is about twenty-eight years of age, was immediately arrested. One of the bullets slightly grazed his Majesty, and the other wounded in the hand Adjutant Lukitch, who was in attendance on the King. This is the second attempt that has been made on the life of the Serbian monarch, for in 1882, Madame Markovitch, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Markovitch, who had been shot for a dynastic conspiracy five years previously, fired at his Majesty. The insecurity of royal life in Belgrade is partly due to the fact that the Obrenovitch are not an old-established dynasty, ex-King Milan being but the fourth of his line. The family was founded by Miles



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EDINBURGH: ENTERING THE CITY BOUNDARY, CAMERON TOLL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EDINBURGH: LEAVING THE McEWAN HALL.

Photographs by J. A. Horsburgh, F.R.S.E., Edinburgh.

through which he passed were profusely decorated with bunting and flowers. In the carriage with his Royal Highness were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland, while in other carriages of the escort were the Earl of Rosebery and many other members of the English and Scottish aristocracy. At the boundary of the City the Prince was met by the Lord Provost and other officials of the Scottish capital. At the McEwan Hall, which was reached shortly after midday, a brilliant company of nearly three thousand ladies and gentlemen had assembled to witness the presentation ceremony. In replying to the graceful speech of the Lord Provost, his Royal Highness expressed the great pleasure which he felt at having his name inscribed on a Burgess-roll so illustrious as that of Edinburgh. He referred to the capital as the home of his Stuart forefathers, and recalled with pride the days he had spent there as a student under Dr. Schmitz and the late Lord Playfair. Before the Prince left the hall the members of the Edinburgh Corporation and

At Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, Lord and Lady Clifford have been honoured with a visit from the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke and Duchess, who left London on July 3, were attended by Lady Katharine

Obrenovitch, who led the Servians in the revolt against Turkey, which lasted from 1815 till 1829. Serbia secured her partial independence, and by a firman of the Sultan, dated Aug. 15, 1830, the dignity of Prince was made

hereditary in the family of Obrenovitch. But the attacks on King Milan are due to a prejudice against himself as well as to a prejudice against his line. He is not a direct descendant of Miles I., but the grandson of the latter's brother Ephraim, and was called to the throne while a mere stripling on the assassination of his second cousin, Prince Michael. In 1876, when he was only twenty-two, he entered on a foolhardy campaign against the Turks, and was twice beaten badly, alienating the sympathy of the Great Powers, who were about to intervene on his behalf, by assuming the title of King in the interval between his two defeats. Again in 1878 he joined the Russians in attacking Turkey, and thus succeeded in gaining the complete independence of Serbia. In 1885 he foolishly attacked Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, who within a fortnight had routed him utterly.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND HOUSE PARTY AT UGBROOKE PARK.

Photographs by E. Kelley, Newton Abbot.



1. Cyclists preceding Advance Guard.
2. Obstacles.

3. Hard Pressed.
4. "After Him!"

5. A Wet Patrol.
6. Flints.

7. An Attack on Stickle-down (Field Firing at Bisle).
8. Field Officer receiving and sending Despatches by Cyclist Orderlies.

VOLUNTEER CYCLISTS AT WORK: CYCLIST SECTION 1st. V.B. DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.



1. Volunteer Light Infantry, 1798.
2. 3rd Middx. R.V., 1850.
3. 14th Middx. R.V., 1859.
4. 12th Middx. R.V., 1850.
5. Mounted Infantry 3rd Middx., 1850.
6. Transport 1st V.B. Middx. Regt., 1850.

7. Badge, Hampstead Loyal Association, 1798.
8. Colours in Possession of Highgate Detachment.
9. Drum, Hampstead Loyal Association, marked 1798.
10. Colours, Hampstead Loyal Association, presented by Lady Alvanley in 1893.

11. 2nd Administrative Battalion Middx. R.V., 1875.
12. 2nd A.B., 1876.
13. Officer 2nd A.B., 1876.
14. 33rd Middx. R.V., 1890.
15. Officer 41st Middx. R.V., 1860.
16. Officer 14th Middx. R.V., 1850.

17. 2nd A.B. Middx. R.V., 1861.
18. 2nd A.B. Middx. R.V., 1875.
19. 2nd A.B. Middx. R.V., 1876.
20. 13th Middx. R.V., 1850.
21. 3rd Middx. R.V., 1850.
22. 41st Middx. R.V., 1850.
23. 2nd A.B. Middx. R.V., 1879.
24. 2nd A.B. Middx. R.V., 1879.
25. 3rd Middx. R.V., 1883.

26. 3rd Middx. R.V., 1897.
27. 1st Duke of Cambridge's Own Middx. Regt., 1859.
28. Colonel Wilkinson.
29. Officers and Staff of the 1st V.B. Middlesex Regt., and the Colours of the former Loyal Association of Highgate, presented in 1894.

THE 1st VOLUNTEER BATTALION D.C.O. MIDDLESEX REGIMENT, LATE 3rd MIDDLESEX.

The Corps represents the 2nd and 6th Administrative Battalions Middlesex R.V.; also the 3rd, 12th, 13th, 14th, 33rd, and 41st Middlesex R.V.



THE BOATING SEASON: "IN TOW."

THE NEW LEYLAND LINER, "WINIFREDIAN."

Photographs by Welch, Belfast.

THE "WINIFREDIAN" IN ABERCORN BASIN.



THE SALOON.

The steam-ship *Winifredian*, belonging to the Leyland Line, to trade between Liverpool and Boston, which was launched some time ago by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, has reached Liverpool after her trial trip, which took place last Saturday. This steamer is fitted to carry

3500 horse, and the total dead-weight capacity is about 13,000 tons. It is estimated that she could steam round the world without recaling, and besides carrying about 1000 horses and 1000 troops, would still have sufficient carrying capacity left to carry 3000 or 4000 tons of stores.

the remainder of the passengers' accommodation. The public apartments are remarkable for their size and luxurious furnishing. In the after-part is a beautiful music-room. Aft of the engine-room is the saloon smoke-room, panelled in polished oak and upholstered in chocolate



THE BRIDGE, PROMENADE, AND BOAT-DECKS FROM THE FORECASTLE.



THE BOAT-DECK.

135 first-class passengers, with all the accommodation on the saloon or upper deck. The appointments are in every respect those of a first-class passenger liner. Her dimensions are 370 ft. length over all, with a beam of 59 ft., and a displacement of 20,030 tons. The engine-power is

The vessel is extremely elegant. She is fitted with four masts and one funnel. The officers have their quarters amidships. The bridge-house contains the saloon, the dining-room, and a number of berths. On the top of the bridge-house deck is a midships steel house containing

leather. There is also a spacious library. Special attention has been paid to ventilation, and altogether the ship is a superb tribute to the excellence of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's workmanship. The *Winifredian* will start on her maiden trip from Liverpool to Boston on July 22.



THE LIBRARY.



THE SMOKE-ROOM.

NEW RICHMOND, WISCONSIN, DESTROYED BY A CYCLONE.

Photographs by Haas Brothers, St. Paul.



GENERAL VIEW OF NEW RICHMOND AFTER THE CYCLONE.



RUINS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH: THE BELL WAS HUNG TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)

Rose & Charlotte. By Marshall Saunders. (Methuen.)

The Death that Lurks Unseen. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward, Lock.)

Market Harborough and Inside the Bar. By G. J. Whyte-Melville. Illustrated by John Chatterton. *Black but Comely.* The same author. Illustrated by S. F. Waller. (Ward, Lock.)

The Foundations of Society. By J. Wilson Harper. (Ward, Lock.)

A County Scandal. By Emily Phillips. (Macquenn.)

Virtue's Tragedy. By Eff Kaye. (Macquenn.)

Adrian Rome. By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. (Methuen.)

The Amateur Cracksman. By E. W. Hornung. (Methuen.)

There is nothing elusive or feminine about Mr. Harold Frederic's posthumous novel, "The Market Place." It is a man's book—a book that will appeal to men rather than to women. The love interest is subordinate, the writing and the presentment of the drama possess little of that quality known as charm. It is a book well suited to these Imperialistic days when strength is worshipped, and the man of domineering vigorous personality, who tramples rough-shod over all who stand in his path, is worshipped as hero. Such a man is Thorpe, the central figure of "The Market Place." Indeed, Thorpe is the book itself. The other characters, with the exception of Thorpe's sister, exist but for the purpose of ministering to the ambition, and of being subjugated by the personality, of this king among company promoters, who makes an enormous fortune in the City, and finally marries into the aristocracy. We must leave to others, better versed in such matters, the analysis of Thorpe's method of plucking his rubber company, with its precious Board and legion of harpies, from the fire, and converting it into a phenomenal success. Suffice it to say Mr. Frederic has made the story of Thorpe's financial operations one of absorbing interest. The ways of the Rubber King are not the ways of fine honour, but it is impossible to regret his success. The man is so real, so resourceful, his belief in himself is so persistent. Upon Thorpe, Mr. Frederic lavished all his art, and all his knowledge of that greedy, self-seeking, robust, cunning side of life, where such men find their triumph or failure. We may protest against the obsession of his personality, but the pages whereon he does not appear are dull. His manners are those of a boor, his speech is offensive, the world to him is but a market-place where the lions get all they want and the lambs their leavings. Thorpe's luck never deserts him. When the Jew financiers, whom he is squeezing to bankruptcy, and Lord Plowden, one of his board, who has turned against him, play their trump card, he outwits them. This is his way of describing the affair: "I twigged it, any way. I went out and I drove the biggest kind of spike through that fool-scheme, plumb through its heart. Tomorrow a certain man will come to me—oh, I could almost tell you the kind of necktie he'll wear—and he'll put up his bluff to me, and I'll hear him out, and then—then I'll let the floor drop out from under him." There is no moralising in "The Market Place," but towards the end, his fortune made, his enemies beaten, Thorpe propounds a course of action that would have offered the lamented novelist an excellent theme for a new book. Thorpe grows tired of idleness, of the life of a country gentleman. Suddenly a notion is born in his brain, nothing more or less, to quote his own words, than "to rule England." There the tale ends, leaving Thorpe on the threshold of a new stage in his career, when philanthropy and politics will take the place of finance. The story is admirably told. The firm grasp of character, the vigorous writing, the eager interest in life—those qualities which placed the author of "Illustration" in the first rank of modern novelists—are manifest throughout this, the last volume we shall have from his pen.

"Rose & Charlotte" is by no means faultless as a story. At one stage the central interest seems almost lost sight of, but one can overlook a good deal for the sake of atmosphere and character. The reader's main concern is with the Academics and "the picturesque Evangeline land," a delightful world whose simplicity and sunniness make an appropriate setting for a delicate love-story. "Rose," the young Academic widow, is as naive in some ways as Miranda on Prospero's isle.

"The Death that Lurks Unseen" concerns a Russian plot, and is one of nine short stories. There is little in the book about that English "Arcadian" life with which Mr. J. S. Fletcher seems to be most at home. The stories are readable, a couple of them especially, but an early forgetting is likely to be their fate.

To many readers a good deal in the fiction of Whyte-Melville may well appear to belong to a rather old order. It needs a healthy interest in old squires, horses, and the accompaniments of hunting to appreciate fitly "Market Harborough" and "Inside the Bar." "Black but Comely" is partly concerned with a gipsy world of a sort, but a sort to which one is not too keenly inclined after having enjoyed the magic of "Aylwin." But these books of Whyte-Melville show, among other things, certain spirited phases of life and character, and chronicled states and traits we should not willingly lose sight of, though their purely literary significance is not of memorable measure.

Following Mr. Wilson Harper's historical studies of ethical, economic, and other systems in "The Foundations of Society," gives the effect of a dream of many contending tongues. They are not clamorous tongues; they are, in fact, sincere and moderate, but the sense of dry clash remains. Mr. Harper says little that is new, but he lets many authorities speak—from Aristotle to Mr. Herbert Spencer—on the life and development of society.

Sometimes the voice is profound, sometimes the impression given is that of a talking encyclopædia, and occasionally the tone has the hardness and the technicality of Pico Silver controversies. Churchmen are reprimanded for not bringing Christianity more insistently to bear on the social and economic movements of the time. That the Church should be vital in the world's activities, not standing cloistraly and contemplatively aloof, is the closing ideal.

In "A County Scandal," Miss Phillips's good matter and thoughtful attitude are badly served by her style. The story has sentiment, both delicate and robust; the manner of telling it is too often irritatingly sentimental, and full of petty affectations. Her mingling of mild gush and good strong comments on life is very unusual, and not a little disturbing to a fair judgment of the book. As for the plot, it contains the always uninspiring incident of a man who sins, and who is branded by the law as a criminal, rising out of his degradation, his soul's health having survived the ordeal and the shame.

The "unco' guid" in fashionable surroundings is cleverly studied in Eff Kaye's "Virtue's Tragedy." Lady Pachesham, who uses her wealth and her social prestige for the purpose of reforming and keeping in straight paths her particular bit of a naughty world, is excellently portrayed. She has a difficult set to deal with. They have wills and desires and temptations and passions entirely their own, and they secretly yield to these, even under her awful nose. Her rigid and inhuman virtue estranges all her own household; but she walks serene and unwitting of the ruin she has made, sustained by a lofty sense of duty and a complete absence of imagination. The book is smart, to the verge of vulgarity. But it has better qualities than smartness; it breathes, for instance, a sense of the pressing difficulties and the complications of life which cannot be settled and solved by a maxim or a principle. That the seriousness and the tragic mistakes are not dealt with ponderously,



"It'll bring in over four hundred thousand pounds, and close the 'Corner.'" DRAWING BY HARRISON FISHER FROM THE LATE HAROLD FREDERIC'S LAST ROMANCE, "THE MARKET PLACE." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Heinemann.

but with a flippancy which covers much strong feeling, should not be all counted to its discredit, save by the Lady Pacheshams of the world.

"Adrian Rome" is the most melancholy of novels. If the purpose of the clever authors—for they are abundantly clever—was to prove the futility of culture as an end of life, they have done so with perfect success. At least it takes a very strong constitution to imbibe as much culture as Rome did, and be none the worse for it. Perhaps he had too much money; but his bankruptcy in character was a greater bar than his big balance at the bank. He was a most industrious dummy, nevertheless; wrote plays, burned the studios midnight oil, besides being a diligent worldling. For a long time his creators keep up the pretence that he is very brilliant—a meteor flashing for a brief hour on a dull earth, a sensitive soul, too fine for our comprehension. But he so consistently does the wrong thing from mere lack of strong desire; he is so solemn and dispirited in his demeanour; and is so evidently a nonentity, in spite of his artistic atmosphere, that we can't help feeling, when he is shoved hastily under the turf at the end, that Mr. Dowson and Mr. Moore are even more relieved than ourselves. There is a great deal of good material and good writing wasted in the book, ruined by this dead-weight hero whom the writers treat with such unnecessary seriousness.

A "cracksman," fastidious and imaginative in the great sense, who makes burglary a fine art, and quotes Keats on his way home to his West-End chambers after an average exploit, is a promising figure to the intellectual eye, however troubled the moral sense may be. The moralist, remembering a theory of Charles Lamb's, may console himself in some measure by the thought that such burgling never was, never is likely to be, by sea or land: it is an experiment in a dream-world. In Mr. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman"—a series of sketches rather than an organic whole—burgling comes off with *éclat* in high places, but there is the inevitable Nemesis. A readable book, dedicated to the author's brother-in-law—"To A. C. D., this form of flattery."

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The Abbé Delille, who translated into French both Virgil and Milton, and weakened both, was, nevertheless, a clever *causeur*. Here is one of his stories, which strikes me as particularly apposite at the present moment. One day a simple-minded Sicilian gentleman was informed of the death of the Viceroy. "Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "the Viceroy is dead. What a misfortune! What will become of us?" Next morning there came to him a second piece of news of an equally disquieting nature. The Archbishop had died overnight. "And now the Archbishop is no longer there," he groaned, dropping into a chair. He already looked upon himself, his countrymen, and the country itself as lost, for his mind failed to conceive national or even ordinary existence possible without those two highly important personages. On the third day tidings spread of the demise of the Pope. This time he felt convinced that the world was coming to an end. In anticipation of the cataclysm our guileless Sicilian drew down his blinds, went to bed, turned his face to the wall and slept for ever so long, until he was awakened by the noise of an adjacent vermicelli-mill. He could not believe his ears. "The Viceroy is dead," the Archbishop is no more, the Pope has ceased to live, and in spite of all this, the vermicelli-mill is going!" he said to himself. "Assuredly there must be some mistake!" With that, he got up and opened his windows, in order to find out whether he was dreaming or not. There was not the least change. People were attending as usual to their avocations, vehicles were passing to and fro, and his neighbour the grocer was doing as brisk a business as heretofore. The Sicilian fell a-musing, and finally embodied his conclusion in a few words: "Possibly those personages who have just died were not at all necessary to our existence."

At the time of writing, France, temporarily bereft of her Legislature by an opportune and unexpected, but exceedingly statesmanlike, decision on the part of M. Loubet, has already arrived at a conclusion similar to that of the unsophisticated Sicilian gentleman, although the majority of the law-givers themselves are exceedingly wroth at the step taken by the President of the Republic, which was probably not altogether due to the Chief Magistrate's individual inspiration. We must, however, offer due praise to the President. We are bound to state that by this simple and absolutely constitutional act, whether it was suggested to him by his Ministers, or was the outcome of his own perceptions, M. Loubet has proved himself superior to at least four of his predecessors in the Presidential chair. Neither Thiers nor MacMahon would have hesitated to pronounce the closing of the Session or to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and resort to fresh elections if such a measure had appeared necessary to them either for the real or fancied welfare of the country.

MacMahon, in fact, resorted to both, ostensibly at the instigation of his Ministers, in reality because he was weary of the caballing and intriguing of "le tas de pékins" of all political shades who made his life a burden to him. He despised them too much to be afraid of them, and he, moreover, did not care a straw whether he remained President of the Republic or not. In addition to this he was absolutely ignorant of the tactics of party warfare, and in his case ignorance was bliss. Thiers was not afraid of the Chamber of Deputies because, the reverse of MacMahon, he knew them too well. But in May 1873, there was practically no Constitution enabling him either to suspend Parliament or to dissolve it, and he fell instead. Grévy, Carnot, Casimir-Perier, and Felix Faure were afraid of the Chamber of Deputies, *en connaissance de cause*; in other words, because they knew it too well, and consequently suffered a good deal rather than risk a general election before the Chamber's powers had legally expired.

M. Loubet, who has served a long apprenticeship, both as a Deputy, a Minister, and a Senator, and finally as President of the Higher Chamber, knows every Parliamentary trick on the board; yet he was not afraid to prorogue Parliament before the Session had run its course, and many who know aver that he will not be afraid to appeal to the country. That was why I pronounced him to be superior to his predecessors. In short, I have an idea that M. Loubet is the strong man who is wanted, and that he has been particularly fortunate in at least two of his Ministers, M. Waldeck-Rousseau and General de Galliffet. For good or evil, the Dreyfus case will be terminated amidst not a political calm—that would be too much to hope for—but amidst conditions which will, at any rate, prevent the mutinous crew of the Palais-Bourbon from scuttling the Ship of State. Such is the present situation, and a revolution being out of the question, for reasons which I endeavoured to make plain a few weeks ago, there is a chance that France may get the needed rest to enable her to prepare for next year's Exhibition. Simultaneously with the publication of this letter (on the 14th for the 15th inst.) the sun will rise upon the National Fête. The army, and above all the Minister of War, generally receives a kind of apotheosis on that day. Boulanger's was something tremendous. I am wondering whether Galliffet's reception will be the reverse of a triumph, but am too old a correspondent to be beguiled into even a semblance of prophesying.

The death is recorded of a distinguished Canadian preacher, the Rev. H. P. Lowe, Rector of Calgary. His powerful extempore preaching, it is stated, was much appreciated, and drew crowds. One special feature of his work was to encourage by every means in his power the education of children in a thorough knowledge of the Bible and the teaching of the Anglican Church. Mr. Lowe's ministry was a short one, lasting only for nine years.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS: SCENES IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.



BLOEMFONTEIN MARKET SQUARE.

What with the conflicting rumours that reach this country every day from Pretoria, and the news just to hand that Germany is about to embark on a vigorous commercial policy in Damaraland, there is no likelihood of the popular interest in South Africa abating for a long time to come. Owing to its capital, Bloemfontein, being chosen as the seat of the recent conference between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger, the Orange Free State has been before the eyes of the world to an extent that must embarrass that somewhat Arcadian domain. What made the Free State still more interesting—and embarrassing—was the doubt as to how she would behave if Oom Paul remained obstinate and Britain was forced to declare war on the Transvaal. This week we give some views of Kronstad, the second city of the realm—it has a population of 2000—which will give our readers some idea of the somewhat primitive life of the Orange Boer. At the same time, though the whole

white population of the Free State is less than 80,000, there is much in the past history and present condition of the country to command the respect of the English. If the Transvaal Boers would accord to the Outlanders the rights of free and equal citizens which are granted by the Orange State to all white men of whatever nationality, then the present trouble in South Africa would entirely disappear. Since 1854 the Orange State has had an even and uneventful history. This is occasionally ruffled by storms in the neighbouring Republic, for the kindred communities have agreed to assist each other in case either is attacked. But this agreement falls through if one of the Republics is the aggressor instead of the party attacked, and that is why President Steyn has been so anxious to make President Kruger amenable to reason. As a matter of fact, the sympathies of the Free Stater for the Transvaaler are sentimental rather than practical, both alike being descendants of the Voortrekkers, who, in their disgust because England

forced them to free their slaves, drifted away from Cape Colony in the first year of Queen Victoria's reign. Among these Voortrekkers was a boy destined to be known all the world over as Paul Kruger. Some of these trekkers were allured south. There they found a considerable number of Englishmen settled at Port Natal, who welcomed their arrival gladly because they despaired of their own Government rendering them any assistance in developing the land. Thus the twenty thousand Boers who left Cape Colony in sullen discontent in 1837 have won for European dominion the three great territories known as Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. Their descendants are also welcomed by Mr. Rhodes in the work of developing the newer countries to the north, for which their experience renders them so well adapted. Indeed, it has been said that if the Boer could govern a savage country as well as he can conquer it, England would have now no reason to complain of him.



KRONSTAD, THE TOWN NEXT IN IMPORTANCE TO BLOEMFONTEIN.



VALGAN RIVER, KRONSTAD, AT FLOOD TIME.



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LADIES' PAGES.

Rapidly the London season drops to its end after Henley. That favourite function was as fully attended as ever, but loud were the complaints of the drastic new rules that forbade the letting of house-boats (thus diminishing their numbers by half), and that regulated stringently the circulation of small craft on the river during the race hours. Admirable rules, no doubt, for the racing in itself; but then who goes to Henley for the racing any more than to any other little river regatta? To visit on a house-boat and to punctuate the races with excursions along the course in more or less fragile craft made for two is delightful—the occasional teams that dart past pulling for their lives are nothing but the excuse for the presence on the river of most of the visitors. However, general as the agreement was that the authorities are killing their golden-egg goose by interfering with the social aspect of the regatta, the house-boats on the pretty course were as charmingly decorated and the crowd in the trains as numerous as ever.

A house-boat that attracted immediate admiration was so smothered in flowers in front that the wood could not be discerned; the awning and cushions on deck were scarlet, while the flowers that framed the front were all white—marguerites, carnations, lilies, and azaleas—relieved by a huge horseshoe of foliage with the boat's name worked on it in pink geraniums; this was placed at the exact centre of the front. Another success was a boat painted pale yellow and white, and decorated entirely with nasturtiums shading from palest yellow to deepest red-brown, relieved with plenty of greenery, and having the less vivid colour of pink geraniums in hanging baskets along the awning. A dark brown boat was beautifully trimmed by endless quantities of blue lobelia, with an interweaving of arum lilies and marguerites; there were three thousand plants of the dainty blue flower employed in this decoration, the hostess told me. A white boat was effectively treated with yellow and white, the former colour being obtained by rows of calceolaria standing upright, while major nasturtiums, in their deeper yellow tones, hung down over a foundation of marguerites. It is all a charming scene, and peculiarly English.

River-dress is rightly considered most suitable when most simple. White piqué, and white muslin, and thin flannel, either all white or marked in stripes so faint as to be hardly discernible, constituted a great majority of the costumes that went down to Henley. But for the smart matron of thirty on a house-boat or a lawn, canvas, barege, and voile seemed most in keeping. The hostess of a blue-and-yellow house-boat wore a dress of pale grey voile over blue silk. It was cut Princess-fashion, and fastened down the back, under a series of scallops bound round with white satin. In front there was a yoke of white satin covered with guipure, with a scarf of blue crêpe-de-Chino passing along the bust, caught under a white satin rosette at the left side, and thence carried down



A STYLISH GOWN.

to the waist, fixed there again with a rosette, and falling thence to the feet. Another good gown on the same boat was of heliotrope canvas with three insertions of white lace round the skirt, through which the purple silk lining gleamed; the bodice had a lace bolero and pleated chiffon front, with a heliotrope silk rosette at the bust and a line of the silk passing down the centre of the vest, three diamond buckles holding the chiffon over it in places; the same silk formed a waistbelt and a sash that fell to the hem behind.

If you have a pink gown, take care it is the right pink; that is, of a deep tone with a little blue or purple in its tints. A gown on the Isthmian lawn was in this shade; it was built of the favourite taffetas, with a yoke and tops to the sleeves of pleated silk muslin, the tucks going across the figure, and continuing into the sleeves, and also down the front as a loose vest, the junction of silk and muslin everywhere being trimmed along with an appliqué of white satin worked on with gold thread; the skirt was plain save for a similar band appliqué a few inches from the foot. Taffetas, so softly falling and yet sufficiently substantial a silk, is very successful for such dresses. Another good example was a grass-green taffetas with black pin spots, combined with plain green just a shade lighter, and black chiffon. The skirt was a "three-decker," the lowest tier of plain silk, the upper two of spotted, each trimmed at the edge with narrow frills of chiffon. The bodice was slightly pouched and of the spotted material, the yoke being of chiffon and the revers under it of the plain green material.

Most people are beginning to think of the plainer and more useful dresses that travel demands. German spas, Swiss mountains, Scotch moors, and seacoast promenades will each claim their faithful adherents seeking recuperation after the season's fatigue. It is our common experience that dressmakers have been overwhelmed with work this season; never has it been so hard to get anything done, never were modistes so indifferent in accepting, or so slow in executing, our orders. Are we women growing more extravagant, or is it that the dresses of this season have demanded so much labour that the ordinary number of hands have not been able to get through the same number of new frocks as in less "lucky" and betrimmed times? The latter, probably—for all the rows of passementerie, the insertions of lace, the tiny platings and frillings and cordings and edgings and flouncings and applications, take up much time in working on a dress, and are by no means to be accomplished by raw novices at needlecraft. The more quiet and severe travelling-dress styles will not labour under the same difficulty of finding competent workers to execute the plainer designs, so we may have better hope of getting the dresses we want prepared.

I have had sent me a large box of patterns of that ideal material for the sterner uses of life—Irish homespun,

(Continued on page 72.)

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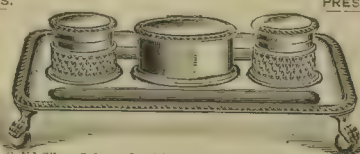


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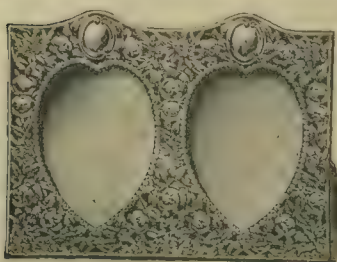
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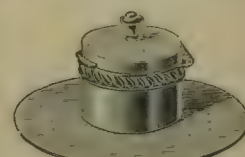


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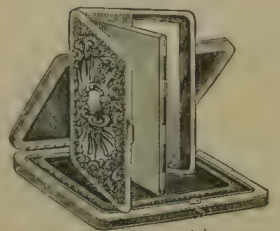


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WE are continually learning something new. Until recently the name of Warings was principally identified in the public mind with the highest type of decorative work and art furnishing. It was not generally associated with the more practical work of domestic engineering such as sanitation, heating, ventilation, and electric-lighting. The completion of the Carlton Hotel, however, has presented Warings in this fresh light, and



THE CARLTON HOTEL.

has at once given them the stamp of a new and great success. They now stand not only the admitted masters of decorative art in Europe, but the most capable exponents of all these different, yet allied, branches of house engineering. They have achieved at the Carlton a veritable triumph, both of completeness and expedition. In about six months they transformed the bare, brick walls and roof of the Carlton Hotel into the most perfect, up-to-date, refined, and well-equipped hotel in Europe.

As to the artistic triumph, there can be no doubt whatever that the Carlton Hotel will at once leap into unexampled popularity. The fashionable public is always appreciative of new and bold effort; and in this instance not only is the decorative treatment novel and striking, but the interior arrangements, from every point of view, are simply perfection. The Directors of the Carlton have distinctly gone, not only one, but a good many better than any of their predecessors. This is largely due to the fact that the whole of the contracts, with the exception of that for the building, were entrusted to one firm, securing not only harmony of style, but complete harmony of working arrangements as well. The work was begun last November, and was completed in June; and considering that it comprised the whole of the sanitation, the ventilation, the heating arrangements, the telephone and electric light installation, the engineering and kitchen-equipment, as well as the decoration and furnishing—the latter down to the minutest detail—it will be admitted that no such *tour de force* has ever before been accomplished. Warings have had large experience in fitting up and decorating large hotels, both in England and on the Continent; but they have never before had so free a hand for the exercise of their organising talents and artistic tastes as in the present instance.

It would have been impossible for any one firm to have covered such a large area of work without having at its disposal the most up-to-date manufacturing resources. In their recently acquired works at Hammersmith, Warings possess the equipment that is requisite for turning out at short notice, and in the most perfect way, everything in connection with

the building and furnishing of every kind of edifice. In the Carlton Hotel they have excelled all previous efforts. It is indeed a wonderful object-lesson in the advantage of having so much of the work done under the direction of one firm. It has prevented that overlapping of jurisdiction and those frequent conflicts of rival trading interests which are so frequently a hindrance to progress in the internal arrangements of a building.

The Carlton can claim many important advantages over its rivals. Its decoration is certainly most artistic and original, chaste and exquisite, the sanitary arrangements are admittedly perfect, and the precautions against fire are superior to anything of the kind that has yet been attempted. Its situation is perfect, and of the management it is enough to say that it is in the experienced hands of M. Ritz, of the Hôtel Ritz, Paris, and M. Echenard, of the Hôtel Louvre and Paix, Marseilles. Warings have invented a most ingenious system of ventilation, whereby the air is constantly rendered pure and fresh, and the atmosphere is warmed in winter and cooled in summer. In their combination of favourable factors you have a remarkable example of the advantage of the unification of trading operations in a building of this class. Warings deserve to the fullest extent the congratulations and compliments which have been showered upon them in connection with this colossal enterprise.

The handsome building has been erected from the plans of Messrs. Florence and Isaacs. A few words must suffice respecting the decoration, although it merits careful comment. The tendency hitherto has been to sacrifice refinement in hotel decoration for gorgeousness of effect. Most of the modern hotels suffer from this weakness of their decorators for excessive ornament and obtrusive colour-effects. It was, therefore, quite a new idea of Warings to go in for simplicity and for that artistic refinement which, to the cultured eye, is so much more satisfying than a profusion of ornate detail. The Carlton Hotel is remarkable in this respect. The decoration throughout is characterised by the most perfect artistic feeling, the most accurate detail, and the most subdued harmonies of colour. In the Palm Court something altogether new has been attempted. This large and lofty apartment is treated as a lounge or drawing-room, and is certain to be always crowded with the rank and fashion of Europe. It forms a sort of salon to be used in conjunction with the restaurant, and the idea is for the guests after dinner to avail themselves of its luxurious accommodation for conversation, and to listen to



THE PALM COURT, MAY 1899.

the band which will be stationed on the terrace at one end. The style of this stately apartment is Louis XVI. The marble pilasters, the gilt cornice, the Oriental rugs, the palm trees, and the appropriate furniture, will combine to make it one of the most attractive resorts in London, the like of which does not exist in any other hotel in the world. The restaurant, which will be under the direction of Escoffier, the celebrated chef, is a delightful room in the Adams style, the colour-scheme being cream and rose, the cool background being chosen so as to show up the ladies' dresses. Mirrors placed at suitable points repeat the general scene over and over again, and an arrangement of electric light behind produces the effect of moonlight, which, in conjunction with the rose-coloured draperies and upholstery, is as charming as it is ingenious. Throughout the building, the most careful attention has been paid to the decorative scheme, and the styles adopted, which are chiefly those of the eighteenth century, are carried out with fidelity and great taste. Warings also constructed the whole of the drainage, which has been pronounced by sanitary experts to be absolutely perfect. They have put in the whole of the electric light fittings, the telephone mechanism, the kitchen ranges and boilers and equipment, and are moreover responsible for the ventilation and heating, and for the perfect arrangements made against the dangers of fire. There are fireproof arrangements in connection with the lifts and doors of the corridors; and there are also external iron staircases leading from every floor to the ground, directions to find which are placed in all the corridors and lighted by an arrangement which is entirely independent of the electric light supply. The sense of security which residents in the hotel must necessarily feel from these arrangements for their safety cannot be too strongly dwelt upon.

Warings' success is instant and complete. Not only have they excelled themselves in the department with which they have hitherto been chiefly associated, but in the great branches of engineering work they have established a new standard, alike as regards quality and expedition.



THE PALM COURT, JUNE 1899.

as produced by the peasant weavers for Messrs. Hamilton, of the White House, Portrush, Ireland. The material used is pure wool, and the cloths produced are of the softest and, at the same time, the strongest possible character. For ladies' coats and skirts for travelling or shooting, they are inimitable, for they neither crease nor soil, nor show a wetting; and for men's and boys' suits for real hard wear they are equally invaluable. As the middleman is abolished by sending direct to Messrs. Hamilton, the prices are not high, though of course pure wool must have a certain value, and if you buy too cheap, you cannot possibly get the real stuff, but a shoddy and unsatisfactory mixture. The loose weaves of the genuine homespun appeal to my taste most strongly, but the box also contains a good supply of patterns of Irish tweeds suitable for cycling, golfing, and country wear generally. I have chosen for myself a suit length of a pretty blue and brown homespun, which I perceive will wear till I give it away in sheer despair of wearing it out. Messrs. Hamilton will make up the materials to order, having a staff of tailors for the purpose, or they will cut any length and send by post. The patterns are forwarded free on application.

Now let us look at the Illustrations, which show us two gowns of the useful and stylish taffetas, though the same designs could be constructed in lawn or voile. One of these dresses has box-pleats right down the front, trimmed with bands of lace and rows of baby velvet ribbon. A lace flounce at the foot and a lace yoke at the shoulders harmonise the composition; and the white chip hat, trimmed with velvet ribbon and roses is a fitting complement. The other has a dressy "three-decker" skirt edged with cream lace, the yoke pleated silk muslin, and the long sash and rosette at the bust of black chiffon.

An interesting commission has been given by the French Government to a lady art-worker in gold for a necklace designed as a gift to the Empress of Russia. It consists of twelve medallions in gold, each bearing the portrait of a Frenchwoman celebrated in political, literary, or social history. The series begins with the first Christian Queen of France, and ends prior to the great Revolution. The art work of the goldsmith was declared at the recent Women's Congress to be peculiarly suitable for women by one who has made for herself an important position in London as a goldsmith—Mrs. Philip Newman.

A useful work in its way is that of the Association for Promoting the Sale of English Pillow-Laces, which was kindly permitted to hold an exhibition of the products of the pillow-workers of Bucks, Beds, and Huntingdonshire at Lord Spencer's house on July 12. This lace is of the nature of tulle; it is rather coarse but very durable, and its manufacture once formed a source of income to a large number of cottagers, and might advantageously do so again. The exhibition showed that much of the lace that we buy from abroad might be produced at home, but there is little hope of affecting the market for such matters otherwise than through trade channels. FILOMENA.



AN ELEGANT COSTUME.

WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated June 5, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1891), of Mr. John Scott, of Albanyfield, near Bickley, Kent, and of 8, Cannon Street, E.C., who died on May 12, was proved on June 28 by the Rev. Alfred Scott, the son, and Alfred Langton and John Langton, the sons-in-law, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £212,535. The testator gives £1000, upon trust, for his sister Susan and her daughter; £200 each to the children of his sister Mary; £200 each to Annie, Henry, and Eleanor, the children of John Thompson; £200 each to Mary and Elizabeth, the daughters of his sister Mary; £200 to his nephew, John Scott Brown; £105 each to his executors, and £105 each to the Linen Drapers' Institution and the Cumberland Benevolent Institution. He devises and gives his freehold properties, 6 and 7, Distaff Lane and 31, Cannon Street, E.C., and at Wetherall, Cumberland, to his son Alfred, and his farms and lands called Albanyfield and Brackentwaite, Cumberland, Nos. 28 and 30, Cannon Street, and the premises in White Horse Yard, to his son John, for life, and then to his eldest son in fee simple, but the premises in the City are charged with the payment of £5000 each to his daughters Mrs. Amelia Langton, Mrs. Sophia Langton, Mrs. Jessie Willey, Mrs. Alice Parr, Fanny Scott, and Emily Scott. The remainder of his freehold property in the City he gives to his son John, his heirs and assigns. All the residue of his property he leaves to his children, the shares of his sons to be double that of his daughters.

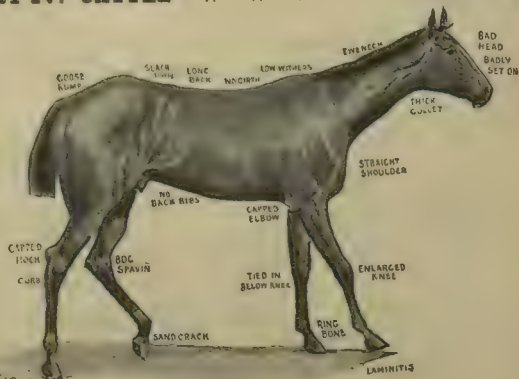
The will (dated Oct. 23, 1896) of Mr. Walter Gore Marshall, of Hambleton House, Oakham, and 9, Queen Anne Street, W., who died on May 21, was proved on July 3 by George Marshall, the brother, and Clement Astley Paston Cooper, the brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £199,782. The testator bequeaths £500 to Henry, tenth Lord Willoughby de Broke; £2000 to his nephew, Charles Edward Gore Vesey; £1000 to his nephew, George Powell; £100 to his niece, Florence Courage; £2000 to his friend, the Hon. and Rev. Walter Robert Verney; and legacies to servants. He devises and gives his freehold and leasehold property at Hambleton, 400 ordinary and 200 preference shares of £100 each in the Cannon Brewery, representing a nominal capital of £60,000, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewels, and household effects, carriages and horses, to his sister, Mrs. Evangeline Julia Cooper, for life, and then to her son, Stephen Cooper. The remainder of his shares in the Cannon Brewery and the residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his brother George, for life, and then for his nephew George Byng Marshall absolutely.

The will (dated April 2, 1891), with two codicils (dated Feb. 24, 1896, and April 9, 1897), of Mr. Richard Yates, of Brasted Hall, Brasted, Kent, who died on April 22, was proved on June 30 by Francis Yates and Robert Yates, the brothers, and Alphonse Louis Normandy, the brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £77,312. After giving legacies and annuities to servants, the testator leaves all his property, as to one third each to his brothers

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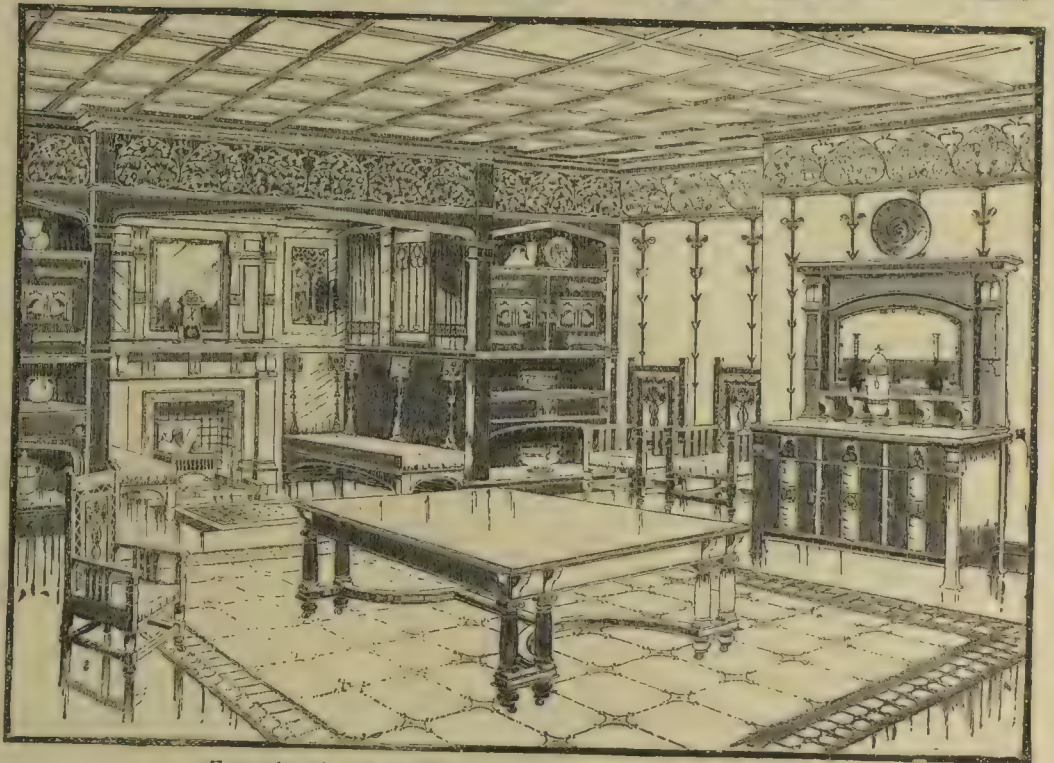
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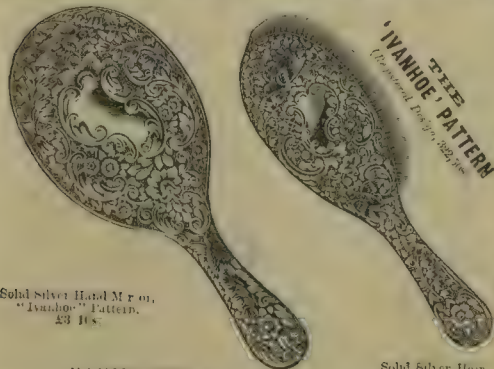
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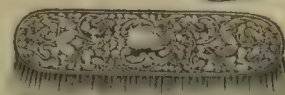
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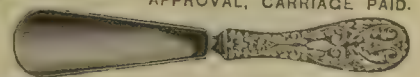
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Francis and Robert, and one third, upon trust, for his sister Elizabeth Ann Normandy, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for her husband and daughter, Annie Louise Normandy.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1861) of Mr. William Matthews, a member of the London County Council, of Chesham Park, Croydon, who died on May 10, was proved on June 30 by Mrs. Elizabeth Matthews, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £88,638. The testatrix leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1897) of Miss Eliza Caroline Perfect, of 2, Alfred Street, Bath, who died at Cheltenham on May 26, was proved in London on June 24 by the Rev. Henry Theodore Perfect, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £19,283. Subject to a few small legacies and specific gifts, the testatrix leaves 2, Portland Place, Bath, and one moiety of her residuary estate, upon trust, for her brother, Henry Theodore Perfect, for life, then to his wife Barbara, and at her decease to his daughters Adela St. John Perfect and Gertrude Theodora Perfect, and the survivor of them, and the other moiety, upon trust, for her brother Arthur Pearson Perfect, for life, and then to his daughters Caroline Annie, Mildred, and Amy Sophia, with benefit of survivorship.

The will (dated April 14, 1899) of General Richard Drapes Ardagh, Indian Staff Corps, of 23, Inverness Terrace, who died at Bath on April 29, was proved on

June 29 by Mrs. Frances Jane Proctor Ardagh, the widow, Russell Drapes Ardagh, the son, Sir Henry Seymour King, K.C.I.E., M.P., and Harrop William Abel Harrison, the executors, the value of the estate being £12,434. The testator gives £300 and his furniture and household effects to his wife, and an annuity of £60 to his son George Hutchings Ardagh during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Ardagh, and at her decease or remarriage to be increased to £100 per annum. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then as she shall by will appoint, and in default thereof to his five daughters.

The will of Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Henry, of 9, Onslow Square, widow of Mr. John Snowdon Henry, formerly M.P. for South-East Lancashire, who died on April 11, has been proved by Laurence William Adamson, the Hon. John Edward Gordon, and Astley Henry Maude, the executors, the value of the estate being £6345.

The will of Mr. Leopold George Gordon Robbins, of 57, Kensington Gardens Square, and 4, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Sidney Elizabeth Robbins, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £2755.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Milthorpe Spence, of Weston Manor, near Otley, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 15, have been proved at the District Registry, Wakefield, by John Beanlands and William Holroyd Barker, the executors, the value of the estate being £4367.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Surely it is natural that a veteran should congratulate a veteran. Frank Burnand and I have stood shoulder to shoulder for many a long year. He started first, but that is immaterial. I remember well when he wrote "Dido" for the St. James's Theatre, and when he wrote farces such as "B.B." (The Benicia Boy) with Montagu Williams, at the time that John C. Heenan, the big husband of Ada Isaacs Menken, fought our plucky Tom Sayers. I was present on the first night of two of his greatest successes, the burlesques of "Ixion" and "Black-Eyed Susan."

And now I have had the good luck to congratulate my old friend on the last of his stage triumphs, "The Lady of Ostend," at Terry's Theatre, one of the most amusing and best acted farces that I have seen since the early days of Charles Wyndham at the Criterion. There were two reasons why Frank Burnand's merry play should receive the critical snub. To begin with, the German play originally called "Number Nine" had failed at Daly's Theatre in America. It is quite true it did so fail. But there were reasons why "Number Nine" should fail. It was originally written for Ada Rehan, and that gifted actress did not appear in it. In the second place the patrons of Daly's Theatre in America did not want German farces without the invaluable assistance of Ada Rehan and her old companion John Drew.

But Frank Burnand patched up the difficulty by writing a better version of the German original than

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"Number Nine," and he called it "The Lady of Ostend." A few minutes after I had laughed heartily over this capital farce, I said to Burnand, who was the centre of a friendly chorus of congratulations, "Why did you not call it 'Snap-Shots'?" The old twinkler came into his merry eyes, and he said, "Not a bad notion, but too late."

Burnand is old stager enough to know that farces of this pattern require actors and actresses of the first class. I mean artists of experience as compared to amateurs. The border-line between eccentric comedy and tragedy is extremely narrow, as Robson taught us years ago. Which were they, his Shylock and Medea, at the Olympic? Tragedy or farce? No one could tell very distinctly.

So in order that justice might be done to "The Lady of Ostend," the author selected an actress and an actor of experience for two very important characters. He was lucky enough to secure Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Edmund Gurney. The one, handsome, with style and a fine presence, understands tragic intensity. The other could never have

played the jealous prize-fighter unless he had known the stage by heart. The seriousness of both is the success of the farce. I shall be very much surprised indeed if all London does not go to hear Miss Ellis Jeffreys describe the wife's horror when she sees in a public cinematographe her husband making desperate love to the lady of Ostend on a bench on the beach. I shall be equally surprised if all London does not laugh at Edmund Gurney's scene of tragic-comic rage when he smashes the furniture, dashes his fist through door panels, and breaks a poker across his biceps.

Against all this violence, of course, we want a contrast and an antidote. We get it, of course, in the meek and mouse-like style of Weedon Grossmith. His humility is absolutely pathetic. Bad luck pursues the poor little creature with such malignity that we could almost weep for him. He is indeed a Jonah. He is the embodiment of bad fortune. His sins, such as they are, may be pronounced venial, but Weedon Grossmith is always found out. His style

is simplicity itself. These three are enough to make the success of any farce, but there are more than these three. Charles Groves is as good an actor as any Burnand could require—strong, breezy, virile, as we all know who saw him in "A Pair of Spectacles." Miss M. A. Victor knows her business—none better. Wilfred Draycott has the gift of perpetual youth, and the lady who plays the agent to the cinematographe company is a "comic gem." Mr. Burnand's most diverting farce is a perfect bit of workmanship. All the three acts are of equal excellence, and there is no dull moment from the rise to the fall of the curtain. This play cannot be sneered out of court. It will live.

It is delightful to find that Coquelin has been induced to put aside his "fatal nose" and Cyrano de Bergerac for a few nights in order to show the English public what he really can do. As Cyrano, he is forced, unnatural, pretending to do what he cannot accomplish, posing merely as an elocution master, and influencing no one. But in Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules" he is superb; the best

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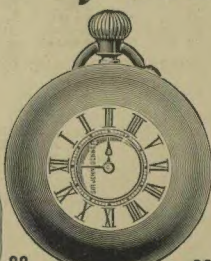
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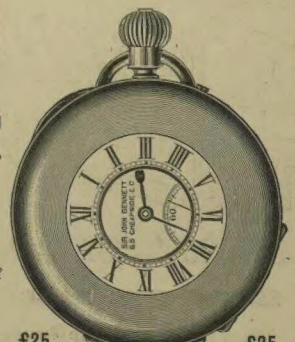
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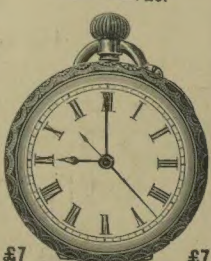
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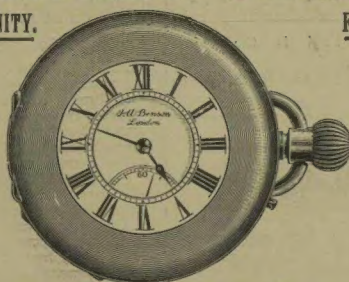
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